The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1895.

The Week.

THE Democratic caucus of the House of Representatives has voted by 81 to 59 in favor of the bill known as the Springer substitute for the Carlisle currency bill. The caucus refused, in the most decisive manner, to make this action binding on individual members. The 81 affirmative votes are not sufficient to pass the bill, as against the Republican votes in the House, nearly all of which will be cast against the measure on account of the State-bank feature, if for no other reason. Therefore there is little likelihood of the bill reaching the Senate. It is, nevertheless, a great step forward when the Democratic party votes that something ought to be done looking to the substitution of bank-notes for greenbacks. The party has actually voted to "take the Government out of the banking business."

The chief merit of the bill under consideration is in section 9, which provides that the secretary of the treasury may, in his discretion, use the surplus revenue of the Government in the redemption and retirement of the legal-tender notes to an amount not exceeding 70 per cent. of the new bank circulation taken out. This clause ought to be made rather more imperative and definite. It ought to provide that the legal-tender notes be cancelled, destroyed, and not reissued. But as it stands, it is a sign of returning sanity in the Democrats, and we venture to say that it will not be lost upon the Republican party. The latter has made itself in some sense a defender of the greenback as a symbol of loyalty, "battle-scarred and blood-stained," but it has never pinned its faith to it as a financial instrument to the same degree as the Democrats, who have been the real devotees of cheap money until they were pushed from the altar by the Populists. The writhing of the silverites as they see their faction dwindling is perhaps the most encouraging feature of the caucus. Mr. Bland saw the ground slipping from under his feet, and he could do nothing but utter disconnected cries of "National banks," "Sixteen to one," "Money of the Constitution," etc.; but he got no attention. The Democratic party has broken away from his lead completely.

Mr. Bourke Cockran is the first Congressman, we believe, to question the commonly accepted saying that the greenback is operating like an endless chain of buckets to take gold out of the Treasury. This idea was suggested by Secretary Carlisle, in his annual report, in these words:

"One of their most obvious effects is to defeat all attempts of the Treasury to procure and keep constantly on hand a sufficient amount of gold to inspire entire confidence, at home and abroad, in the ability of the Government to preserve its own credit and maintain a sound currency for the use of the people. Frequent issues of bonds for the purpose of procuring gold, which cannot be kept after it has been obtained, will certainly cause increased distrust," etc.

There are two facts to be weighed in examining this subject: first, that the $100,000,000 gold reserve which was accumulated in 1878, was never disturbed by this chain of buckets as long as the Government had a surplus of income over expenditure; (2) that the recent drain upon the gold reserve has been just about equal to the deficit of revenue and has gone on *pari passu* with the deficit. Now let us suppose that the legal-tender note should cease to exist to-morrow. There is no longer any chain of buckets by which the public, the banks, or the gold-exporters can draw the yellow metal from the Treasury. Will the secretary be able, therefore, to protect his gold reserve? Not if he continues to pay his daily expenses. It is true that his receipts will now be largely of gold, perhaps wholly so, because if $500,000,000 of paper were suddenly taken from the circulating medium, the demand for instruments of exchange would absorb all the existing silver certificates and banknotes, and more. But if the secretary's income is less than his outgo, he must take the difference out of his gold reserve, and if the deficit continues many months, he will be on the market for a new loan. So it appears that the greenback, although guilty in many ways, is not guilty as charged in the secretary's indictment. While Mr. Cockran expressed doubts whether the greenbacks were operating in the particular mode described, he considered them an unmitigated evil, and urged that they be treated as other Government debt is treated—that they be funded into interest-bearing bonds and extinguished. This is the fundamental condition of currency reform.

If the retirement of greenbacks is the fundamental condition of currency reform, it may be asked why the Baltimore plan ignored it. This is a very proper question, and it was fittingly answered by Congressman Hendrix in the debate on Saturday. The Baltimore bankers did not seek to regulate the Government's financial policy apart from the banking question. They limited themselves to the mode of issuing, securing, and redeeming banknotes, leaving the question of legal tender to be settled by Congress in its own way and time. Probably the bankers took the view that if they asked for the retirement of the greenbacks, they would stir up a host of enemies who would say that they were trying to clear all other currency out of the road in order that they might monopolize the field and fasten themselves like bloodsuckers on the community. Important reforms are sometimes defeated at the first onset if a charge of personal self-interest can be brought against their advocates. There would be just sufficient plausibility in such a charge to convince many people that the Baltimore plan was founded in the private greed of a comparatively small number of men, than which nothing could be more destitute of truth. For this reason, we presume, the greenback question was not touched upon. Yet it is undoubtedly true, as Mr. Hendrix said, that the Baltimore bankers, without a single exception, desired the retirement of the greenbacks, and have so desired ever since the close of the war.

The documents sent to the Senate on Thursday by the President in regard to the Bluefields affair mark the happy settlement of a long-standing and vexatious diplomatic controversy. For fifty years the protectorate asserted and exercised by Great Britain over the Mosquito Indians has been in one way and another an annoyance to our State Department, owing to its effect upon our relations with Nicaragua. Our treaties with Colombia, leading to the construction of the Panama Railway, and with Nicaragua, giving the right to build an interoceanic canal, in their turn led up to the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, which has long been a thorn in the flesh of our State Department. Now all the entanglements are cleared away at one stroke, through England's amicable agreement to renounce her protectorate over the Mosquito Coast, and the full assumption of sovereignty over that strip of territory by the Government of Nicaragua. This peaceable diplomatic achievement has left the Jingoes speechless.

Senator Aldrich rashly charged on Friday that the President was intriguing with Hawaiian royalist commissioners last summer, and that it was at their request that our war-ship was ordered away from Honolulu. Mr. Cleveland says, however: "I never saw any member of this commission or committee, and have never had any communication or transaction with any of them directly or indirectly"—except to write them a note saying he could do nothing for them. But if the President thinks to silence the patriots in that way, he is greatly mistaken. The *Tribune* says of the above statement that it has a "characteristic lack of directness and perspicuity." What would seem direct and perspicuous to this editor we cannot say, but he would not be satisfied in any case, for, as he adds, why did the President "keep quiet" about the affair so long if there was no treason hatching?

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The patriots will be equally distressed by the latest news from the islands. The Government is not "solicitous" about having an American ship in Honolulu, as Lodge vows that it is, although if one came it "would be very welcome." They would not fire on it. Worse than that, the British ship "sailed away on the 27th," and the new British commissioner "maintains most friendly relations with President Dole." About the only comfort left for patriotic hearts is the fact that the English bishop in Honolulu still refuses to pray for the President of the Hawaiian Republic. This is distinctly hostile, in the case of a man so much in need of effective intercession, and if "Alfred Honolulu" will only keep on denying the Hawaiian Government all benefit of clergy, we may get the islands yet.

There are hints from Washington that an appropriation will not be made at present to pay to Great Britain the sum agreed upon by the two governments for the settlement of the Bering Sea claims. A failure to make the appropriation would not necessarily imply a repudiation of the treaty, but it would be a repudiation of that part of it which provides that the award, whatever it be, "shall be promptly paid." The fact is, that though provision was made in the treaty for the assessment of these damages, the Tribunal never passed upon them. The British made out a full schedule of their losses, and Judge Blodgett, on the American side, made an argument on them which showed that they were much exaggerated; but they were never adjudged by the Tribunal. In truth, in the opinion of our counsel, not over a third were good claims. It seems a pity, therefore, that Mr. Gresham should have come to an agreement to pay them without further inquiry. But his excuse is that they are not worth the expense of further inquiry. To examine them thoroughly would cost more than they are worth. What ought to be done in such a case it is hard to say, but the opportunity for a compromise or splitting of the difference seems a good one.

The most easy and simple way of increasing the national revenues would be by doubling the present tax of $1 a barrel on beer, as proposed in the bill introduced by Mr. Money of Mississippi in the House on Thursday. It would not raise the price of beer by the glass to the consumer, and would merely reduce the present inordinate profits of the brewing industry, while it would add fully $30,000,000 a year to the income from the internal-revenue bureau, without requiring any new machinery for the purposes of collection. In short, there is every argument for it from the standpoint of the public interest. Nevertheless, there is little reason to hope that the plan will be adopted. Both parties have always feared to offend the brewing interest.

The prohibition of American cattle and beef at the port of Antwerp on the ground of pleuro-pneumonia is clearly a protectionist move on the part of the Belgian Government. It is probably the result of a combination of cattle-growers and butchers, resembling the combinations that have been made at different times in this country to exclude dressed beef from particular States, and to require all animals intended for food to be slaughtered on the ground. These local statutes were quashed by a Supreme Court decision, since when we have been free from that kind of interstate protectionism. There is no supreme court that can help us in this case. Nor can we make any effective protest, since we have indulged so liberally in protectionism ourselves. Retaliation will probably be resorted to after a time, although that is always foolish, and generally ineffectual. If Belgium hurts us in the matter of our sales, that is no reason why we should hurt ourselves in the matter of our purchases. But all nations resort to retaliation except Great Britain. It looks as though the latter were the only real friend, in the commercial sense, that we have in Europe. Distressing, but true!

Mr. Carroll D. Wright has an article on our last summer's labor troubles in the January *International Journal of Ethics*, in which he says many things which are wise and sound and some which are otherwise. Contradicting the opinion given in the report of the commissioners (of whom he was one, and presumably *magna pars*) who investigated the Chicago strike, he admits that arbitration is impossible in the case of a sympathetic strike, "because the sympathetic strikers have no grievances which can be arbitrated." This being so, and the sympathetic strike being the only kind that is any longer so formidable as to require state intervention, we cannot share his hope that great good is to result from "the application, through various officers, voluntary and statutory, of the principles of conciliation and arbitration." For the ordinary strike no cumbrous machinery of arbitration is necessary, and to the extraordinary, sympathetic strike Mr. Wright confesses that it is inapplicable. He would reduce all strikes to a "principle" which is "at stake." This need not be quarrelled with, but what is to be said of a writer who adds, "We need not, in this connection, take into consideration the violence, the rioting, the destruction of property which accompany some great strikes," because these are only "incidents"? We have had one judicial decision that violence is of the very essence of a railroad strike. And, what is more, this decision of the much-abused Judge Jenkins was strictly based upon the evidence in the case before him. The labor-leaders frankly admitted, under cross-examination, that their strike contemplated violence from the beginning, and that without it they would have had no hope of success. But, this aside, any man not asleep or in the Department of Labor must know as a matter of fact that all the great strikes which disturb the public peace are essentially violent. That is the only reason they do disturb the public peace. It is because the peaceable strike of other days is now almost unknown that social philosophers are so much concerned about the existing violent type. We do not think that the social philosopher who starts out by ignoring the violence, or calling it only an "incident," will get on very far in his solution of the difficulty.

It is impossible to regard the election of Hamilton Fish to the speakership of the New York Assembly as anything less than a public calamity. He owes his selection entirely to the fact that he is Platt's man. For several years he and Platt have been bitter enemies, but they "came together" this year for mutual profit. Both have been Tammany dealers for at least ten years, and Fish has held public office by Tammany favor during a greater part of that time, being at the present moment one of the appraisers of property condemned in the Croton watershed by Mike Daly, the celebrated water-purifier. Fish owes his nomination to the efforts of "Lou" Payne, the Platt agent of whom a Republican Albany correspondent declares: "This is the same 'Lou' Payne who was ordered out of the Speaker's room last winter, who was denounced as the tool of Tammany Hall, and who was mercilessly assailed by almost every newspaper in the State for opposing the reduction of the $75,000 fees of the Tammany sheriff of New York city." All these circumstances and facts make it plain that the Assembly is to be under the control of Tammany "dealers" who have, during their political careers, preferred to share the profits of corrupt politics with Tammany rather than to antagonize and defeat Tammany. Mr. Fish's selection must be interpreted by the honest people of this city as a distinct and formidable menace to all genuine reform plans.

The last Legislature of this State was prevailed upon, by the plea that American citizens were being ruined by the cheap labor of unnaturalized aliens, to pass a law requiring that all laborers employed in the public works of this city should be citizens. The consequence is that nobody can be employed in even the most menial occupation unless he either is a native of the United States, or, if born abroad, has been naturalized. The effect of this restriction has been that the commissioner of street-cleaning could not get laborers enough after the December storm to remove the snow, and it is not gone yet.

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There never was any such trouble before, and it is entirely due to the provision of law that confines employment to citizens. Citizens can do so much better at something else than cleaning streets that not enough can be found to do the work in any emergency like that created by a hard storm; and as only citizens can lawfully be employed, the work must go undone.

The principle here involved extends far beyond the streets of this metropolis. If it is right that only citizens should be employed in the public works of this city, unnaturalized aliens should also be debarred from service in digging sewers, working mines, constructing railroads, and in all other branches of unskilled labor. Other places are, of course, as much injured as New York by the spectacle of a man engaged in menial work who is not a citizen, and the rule should be universal if it is maintained at all. Everybody familiar with the subject, however, knows that enough citizens could not be found to do the work that needs to be done throughout the country if such a rule were enforced. Originally the Irish were chiefly depended upon for construction work on railroads, but nowadays the Irishman who has been here long enough to become a citizen is seldom willing to take such a place. The Italians and men of other races who are now employed did not supplant the Irish; they simply filled vacancies left by the Irish. It is usually taken for granted that the only reason contractors have for employing aliens is because they can hire them more cheaply than citizens; but it is frequently the case, as with the commissioner of street-cleaning in this city during the past fortnight, that they cannot get citizens on any terms. Many advocates of restricting immigration say that, if they could, they would stop it entirely. If this could be done, within five years we should see the industrial development of the country arrested, because we could not find in the United States men who were ready to do the work that must be done. Everybody agrees that the criminal, the pauper, and the insane classes of foreign nations should be debarred admission to this land; but when we say that the man who is ready to come here and shovel snow, dig sewers, and work in mines shall not come, we disarrange the whole machinery of the industrial world.

Any criticism which is passed on Dr. Parkhurst's recent attack on Byrnes must be based on its untimeliness. It must be due to the belief that he has spoken too soon, or that it is undesirable as a matter of policy to create an appearance of division in the reform ranks, in the presence of the apparent predominance of the spoils element in the organization of the Legislature. But these are minor considerations. If we are to have, as the sole result of our fiery rising, another "bi-partisan police board," and a reorganization of the force conducted under the supervision of Byrnes, who owes so much money to one of the most corrupt sources of wealth this country has ever seen, Dr. Parkhurst has not spoken too soon and cannot speak too loudly. We do not know whether there be any intention in any quarter to employ Byrnes in the work of reorganizing the police force, but no force which he would reorganize, composed of men on whose character he would pass, could possibly command the confidence of the public, or could possibly in the long run turn out much better than the one it is proposed to disband. If we get Byrnes to reorganize, or have anything to do with the new force, it will be tantamount to the approval of the secret accumulation by a police officer of a large fortune during his term of service, through gifts from Wall Street speculators—the rascally as well as the decent—for services he dare not name. Can we afford to make such an announcement to our new or reformed policemen? If Dr. Parkhurst sees any chance of this, he ought not to be silent. Better have his discretion assailed than his honesty or public spirit.

Recorder Goff's first official act is of itself ample justification of his election to the bench. He issued an order for the removal of all indictments from the custody of the district-attorney's office, and the placing of them in the custody of the clerk of his own court. He said that the present practice, which has prevailed for many years, of leaving the indictments in the care of the district attorney was "entirely without warrant of law," adding:

> "These papers are a part of the records of this court. I have consulted with my associates, and they agree with me that it is a practice that should be stopped. It is therefore ordered that every indictment shall be filed and remain with the clerk of the court. It is further ordered that the clerk shall keep a record of the indictments and of every movement or process concerning the indictment; also that the clerk shall keep a record of all bench warrants issued out of this court on or regarding such indictments."

Everybody at all familiar with the district-attorney's office is aware that an irresponsible official, known as the indictment clerk, has really been the custodian of these indictments for many years, and that he has been almost or quite the only person in the city who knew anything about them or exercised much control over them. He could pigeon-hole almost any one of them and few persons would be any the wiser for it. The practice has been an abuse of the most far-reaching character, and in abolishing it the new recorder has done more at a single stroke to sever the control of criminals and lawbreakers over the prosecuting legal machinery of the city than could be accomplished in any other way. There is not a criminal in the city who will hear the news of this transfer without a shudder.

There will be a general concurrence in the wisdom of the position regarding consolidation taken by Mayor Schieren of Brooklyn in his annual message. Public opinion in that city was almost evenly divided on the question, as far as the vote at the November election indicated, the affirmative majority being only 277, in a total poll of more than 129,000, while almost one-fourth of those who voted for Governor cast no ballot on the annexation issue. Moreover, since the election a considerable opposition to the proposed union has developed, the promoters of which might evidently have turned the majority in November the other way if they had been as active then as now. Mayor Schieren takes the ground that the result must be accepted as a settlement of the question whether the cities shall be consolidated; but as the majority was so small, and the opposition is still so active, he thinks that any hasty action is to be deprecated. He holds that it must be a work of time to prepare a comprehensive charter for the different municipalities which are to form "the Greater New York." He endorses the suggestion of Governor Morton that a commission be created by the Legislature to discharge this duty, although he would not have it try to report its results until a year hence. A deliberate policy of this sort will suit the New York public. It has been settled that the cities are to be consolidated, but there is not the slightest necessity for any hurry about the matter.

It is not often that financial complications take on so peculiarly distressing a form as they have assumed in the colony of Newfoundland. Before the bank failure of December 10, the notes of the two banks at St. John's were virtually the only circulating medium of the island. Both of these banks suspended, and the condition of each proved to be that of insolvency. This, it is easy to see, presented a very different problem from the suspension of specie payments, such as happened with us in 1857 and 1861, or the temporary suspension of cash payments on checks, such as characterized our panics of 1873 and 1893. Even had all our banks, in July, 1893, refused to redeem depositors' checks in cash, it was nevertheless well known that the banks were intrinsically solvent. Certified checks, therefore, even on such banks as withheld cash payment, continued to furnish a medium of exchange. At a trifling discount they were exchangeable for cash in brokers' offices. Banknotes were actually at a premium. In Newfoundland one at least of the two banks of issue is a hopeless wreck; the solvency of the other is extremely doubtful. The problem, moreover, has not been one of money-hoarding. There is virtually no specie in the island except the meagre reserves of the fallen banks. The only currency in existence is the promises to pay by institutions which will probably never be able to redeem their promises.

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ELECTORAL REFORMS.

THE tone of Gov. Morton's first message is in most refreshing contrast to anything of the kind that we have had from the executive chamber at Albany for ten years. For the first time in all that period there is the accent of sincerity in the utterances of a Governor concerning what he considers to be his duty towards the people of the State. No matter what Gov. Hill or Gov. Flower might say upon any great public question which was to come before the Legislature, everybody familiar with the actions of the two men knew that in the end the course adopted would be the one which was most conducive to the advancement of machine politics. However plausible the moral sentiments of the Governor might sound, everybody was perfectly well aware that they were to be withdrawn into the background when the time for practical legislation should arrive. It was always thus in regard to ballot-reform and corrupt-practices legislation. Both Hill and Flower had an abundant supply of favorable views for those measures, but they were never able to give their approval to any form of them that the Legislature passed which was unacceptable to Tammany Hall and the Murphy-Sheehan-McLaughlin machine.

Gov. Morton's deliverances on these subjects are more sincere in tone, and they command a hearing because of the belief that he will be amenable to reason and morality in deciding what course he will pursue when he is free to act. No greater waste of an intelligent man's time was ever made than in asking him to appear before Hill or Flower with a rational argument in favor of any measure. Neither of those men had any other conception of the executive veto power than to use it as a club over the members of the Legislature to compel their support of political measures. Gov. Morton has a few well-expressed words at the opening of his message which give assurance that he will not use that power in that way. "The chief executive," he says, "should never use it [the veto] as an instrument to aid in impressing or imposing his will upon the Legislature, nor should it be invoked to serve personal or partisan ends." Hence his views upon prospective legislative methods are to be regarded as pledges by him to consider them solely upon their merits, and approve or disapprove them according as he shall be convinced of their public desirability or usefulness.

What the Governor says about ballot-reform and corrupt-practices legislation accords with the demands of the people for honest and secret elections. He favors the adoption of a blanket ballot, with party columns and emblems, and without the blanket "paster"; single-name or individual "pasters" alone to be permitted. Two bills providing a blanket ballot in conformity to this suggestion have been already introduced. One of them is the Sheffield bill of last year, and the other a new measure which Senator Raines seems to have prepared. The Sheffield bill provides for a system similar to that recommended by the Governor. The Raines bill provides the blanket ballot recommended by the Governor, but, instead of allowing single-name "pasters," provides that illiterate voters shall be allowed to take two election inspectors into the booth with them, one to represent each political party, to assist in preparing his ballot. That is a thoroughly vicious provision which ought to be stricken out without ceremony. It would simply amount to allowing the bosses and corruptionists to keep tab upon the voting of every bribed voter, ascertaining surely that he keeps his bargain. There is one point about the Sheffield bill which ought to be considered carefully. As it stood last year it permitted a voter to vote an entire party ticket by placing a single mark in a space reserved for the purpose at the top. This plan has been in operation in several States, including Iowa, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, and in all of them it has worked so badly that there are general demands for its abolition. There is practically unanimous agreement that this single mark leads to confusion, that a dishonest inspector who is deft with his pencil may place a second mark over a party column while smoothing out the ballot, and thus cause the vote to be thrown out, and that the fairest and surest way is to require the voter to check the name of every candidate in the column. With the party name and symbol at the top, even the illiterate voter has no difficulty in doing this.

In addition to the introduction of two ballot bills, Senator Parsons introduced a bill authorizing the use of the Myers voting-machine in New York city and Brooklyn, and another bill authorizing its use in all counties in which a majority of the towns have adopted it. This will bring the question of the use of the machine before the Legislature, and we trust will be the cause of a full and intelligent inquiry both into its merits and into the practicability of adopting it for general use in next fall's elections. We observe that the *Tribune* quotes a "prominent man who has given the machine much study" as saying that the machine provides no method by which a voter may vote for a candidate whose name is not on the regularly nominated tickets. This prominent man's "study" has not been carried very far, or he would have known that the machine has an admirable device to meet this contingency. It presents a blank space, with a knob, in which the voter may write any name he chooses or put on a paster. When he has done this, he presses in the knob, which becomes locked and remains so until the voter has left the compartment, when the name disappears, leaving a blank again in its place. All the names thus inscribed are preserved upon a continuous roll of paper, and when the machine is opened, this roll can be taken out, and the inspectors will find upon it the entire "scattering" vote of the election.

Gov. Morton's recommendation that the corrupt-practices act be so amended as to include campaign committees, as well as candidates, in the requirement of sworn publication after election of all money received or expended, is in the line of a reform which has been greatly needed for many years. We think that the law should be amended in other directions also—that it should place maximum limits to the legal expenditures of all candidates, graded according to the office, and that the legal and illegal expenditures should be specifically defined. Then, too, some method ought to be adopted by which contributions from corporations, made either to candidates, campaign committees, or bosses, could be forced into the light of day. This is the evil which at present dominates all others, for it furnishes the sustenance upon which bosses like Croker and Platt are able to maintain their power. The present corrupt-practices act is, in fact, too inadequate a measure to be made of practical use by mere amendment. It should be thoroughly and completely overhauled and revised, and a new measure evolved on the pattern of the Missouri act, which is the best American adaptation yet made of the English act of 1883.

INTERNATIONAL INTERFERENCE.

THE London *Daily News*, commenting recently on the horrible lynchings in the State of Georgia, said it was lucky for the United States that their representative had been kept off the commission to inquire into the Armenian outrages. If Consul Jewett had protested at what had occurred at Sassun, his mouth would have been closed by any shrewd Turk who chose to fling back Alabama or Georgia crimes at him. The Kurds have as good ground for memorializing President Cleveland about the state of the South as he has for approaching the Sultan on the subject of what is going on in Armenia. These views of our amiable British contemporary raise the whole question of international interference, its grounds and proprieties.

International law has no precise and certain rules respecting this question. How to reconcile the right or practice of interference with the right and recognition of independent sovereignty is about as tough a problem as the theological one of harmonizing divine decrees with human freedom. It is not strange, therefore, to find, as a matter of fact, that interference of this kind has never been practised except in the case of weak or semi-civilized nations. The interference is practically a denial of full sovereignty. Yet, even so, interference must have a suitable occasion. The one most commonly laid down, and fitting the Armenian case, is interference on the ground of humanity — interference when, as Woolsey says, "Some extraordinary state of things is brought about by the crime of a government against its subjects." This was

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the reason and the only justification of the interference of England, France, and Russia on behalf of the Greeks in 1827, and of Russia in the interest of the Bulgarians in 1877.

Now, looking solely at such action as the action of a nation, there is no provision, either in law or in history, that the interfering power must itself be beyond reproach in all respects. Russia could interfere to rescue the Greeks from the murderous Turk even though she had millions of serfs at home. England's interference could not be headed off by allusions to Catholic disabilities or Irish misgovernment. In short, the case of a nation is very much like that of an individual. A man has a right to lay hold of a ruffian who is beating a child in the streets, even if he himself has been heard to speak crossly to his wife. If all crime, national or individual, had to go unwhipped until an impeccable judge arose to inflict punishment, even such rough justice as we have would soon cease to exist. The *Daily News* lets go no occasion to tell the world that England is guilty of monstrous injustice towards Ireland, and perhaps of even grosser injustice towards workingmen; yet this does not operate as a bar to Great Britain's interfering in behalf of the Armenians. This matter of asserting that a nation's hands are perfectly clean is, as Dean Church remarked apropos of the disestablishment of the Irish Church, an extremely ticklish business.

But the real source of confusion of ideas on this and kindred subjects is the conception of a nation as a personality in and of itself, instead of as a collection of personalities of differing intellectual and moral standards. The moment we drop the old realistic definition of a nation as an abstract entity apart from the flesh-and-blood people who really compose it, most of the difficulties under consideration vanish. Take the case of American protest against the Armenian outrages. It is not the American nation that makes the protest, but a certain number of American citizens. The question of consistency in the protest, therefore, comes down to the question of the consistency of these individual protesters.

Some of them, we are bound to say, cannot be allowed to bring any moral significance at all into the case. They are the professional protesters, so to speak, to whom all outrages are a godsend, and who are ready at a moment's notice to protest, appeal, or lament, on any platform, in respect to any outrage the broad earth over—their own notoriety-seeking excepted. They are essentially non-moral quantities and hence negligible here. But, as far as we have observed, the persons most active in stirring up popular sentiment in the Armenian affair are not of this class. They are rather the citizens who, in various parts of the country, stand for what is highest and best in morality and education and philanthropy. They are men preëminently humane, and thus precisely the ones to raise their voices in the name of humanity. Can their mouths be shut by reference to negro-hunters and lynchers in the South? Not at all, for they speak out as clearly and strongly against those domestic assassins as they do against foreign ones. Their moral indignation is not of the kind which varies directly with the square of the distance, but burns as hot against present-day and native villains as against historic criminals or ruffians conveniently remote.

In such men and in the moral standards they represent we see international interference, from motives of humanity, in its most powerful form. Gladstone is now no part of the English Government, yet his short speech the other day on the Armenian persecution carried more weight than any official utterance possibly could have. It is because he speaks, not for the English nation or any other, but for what is best in civilization, that his words are watched for more eagerly than those of the Premier. In his case, and in that of men who have something of his moral elevation, the little flings about charity beginning at home and dwellers in glass houses, lose all point, as their humanity has nothing national or racial about it, but finds its country in the whole world and its fellow-citizens among all mankind.

THE USE OF GREAT FORTUNES.

We have received an interrogatory communication from a Kansas judge, which begins by asking whether "the existing concentrations of vast wealth in the hands of individuals are unjust." The answer to this depends on the meaning we attach to the word "justice." If we mean, Have all these concentrations of vast wealth been lawfully and honestly acquired? we answer, In many cases probably not. But this is as true of small fortunes as of large. It is, in a measure, true of all property. A large proportion of all the property in the world has been acquired, at least in part, by means which the strict moralist must condemn, or, in other words, "unjustly." The object of churches, schools, and works on ethics, is to keep down this proportion as much as possible. The possibility of completely extirpating unjust methods of acquiring property is hardly a subject for speculation among practical men. The socialist plan of collectivity has to contain a vast army of officials who would be no more honest or efficient than the rest of mankind, and would undoubtedly steal and lie in the old-fashioned way. We owe our immense fortunes in this country to the sudden development of untouched resources in various fields, aided, no doubt, very often by chicanery of some kind; but there is no cure for this which would not be worse than the disease. The maker of a large fortune is, as a rule, a man who has had more sagacity than other people in discovering and supplying a public want. To despoil such a man would deprive us of services of inestimable value to civilization, even if he were sometimes a knave. To despoil his children would discourage all other fathers of like talents and opportunities.

To the question whether such fortunes are "detrimental to the public welfare," we answer, As a rule, no. The portion of the income spent in luxury is considered waste by economists, but it does employ labor, and, through encouragement to the arts, is often of great help to civilization. But no income can come from large fortunes except through investment in some enterprise useful to the public, as is proved by the profits or interest; and the owner is apt to be a man skilful in finding out what the public wants, and therefore a good man to have control of large sums of money. One way in which such concentrations of vast wealth do obviously become injurious to the public welfare is their use in resisting blackmail at the hands of poor politicians and legislatures. They are used freely in debauching legislatures and buying up office-holders for defensive purposes. The remedy for this is, however, in the hands of the poor.

"How much is annually paid to citizens of foreign countries for interest, etc.?" We do not know. The amount is certainly large. We are quite sure it is never paid unless it is honestly due on loans or investments. A large amount that is honestly due is never paid, owing to the failure of enterprises or the dishonesty of managers. We think the public interest would be promoted by the increase of this annual payment, because it would show both that more foreign capital (our great want) was flowing into the country, and that our industries were flourishing. We would bring about this increase partly by the establishment of a sound standard of value, acknowledged to be such by all the world, partly by increased honesty in the management of our various industrial enterprises, partly by improvements in city governments, the present condition of which frightens foreigners, and partly by the abstinence of Congress and State Legislatures from attempts at barbarous and blackmailing legislation. The notion which many people, especially Populists, undoubtedly have, that the foreigner who draws an income from American investments can do something to us if he does not get his money, is an hallucination. What happens is that he goes without his money, and swears at us, while we enjoy the commodity which his wealth has created.

Let us say, also, that, strictly speaking, we send very little money abroad. This is one of the major Populist errors. We pay our debts abroad by the export of goods. People who owe money in Europe, buy bills of exchange from dealers, who export goods to meet the exchange, so that the debt is really paid in European money. Our net exports of gold last year were only, in round numbers,

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$4,500,000, of silver $37,000,000, while our exports of goods were $847,000,000, and we were producers of both gold and silver. If the people of Kansas had spent as much time during the last two years in studying the laws of trade and exchange, which are really laws of human nature, as they have spent in listening to Populist harangues, Kansas would be a far happier and more prosperous, as well as a more respected, community than it is.

What is wanted most of all, especially in the community in which Judge Allen resides, is a stricter attention on the part of each man to his own business, and a diminished occupation with the affairs of the world at large. Statistics—custom-house and other—do more or less mischief in democratic countries, because they help to conceal the fact that the trade, commerce, and industries of a country are made up of thousands or millions of individual transactions, on each of which the best authority in the world—the man who is to profit or lose by it—has passed judgment. We owe most of our "crazes" to the notion that every voter ought to have a say about the way everybody else does his business.

ALEXANDER IRELAND AND EMERSON.—I.

NEW YORK, January 1, 1895.

WERE Ralph Waldo Emerson living, he would send the choicest flowers of his garden to be laid near "the sweet heart of Alexander Ireland"—to recall an expression in one of his letters to me. The wreath must now pass from grave to grave; and if I venture to bear it, though it may seem but faded autumn leaves to the younger generation, it is because the eventualities of life have brought within my personal knowledge facts not likely to be known to any other survivor concerning the relationship between the men. There are already before the world, scattered through pages of the Carlyle-Emerson Correspondence, Ireland's volume on Emerson, and mine also, items which, pieced together, would sufficiently disclose a literary episode of international interest sprung from the casual meeting of the two in early life. But all that has yet been printed leaves too much in the background the unpretending Englishman who was nearly the first to discover the genius of Emerson, who wrote of him: "At the landing in Liverpool, I found my Manchester correspondent awaiting me, a gentleman whose kind reception was followed by a train of friendly and effective attentions which never rested whilst I remained in the country. A man of sense and of letters, the editor of a powerful local journal, he added to solid virtues an infinite sweetness and *bonhomie*. There seemed a pool of honey about his heart which lubricated all his speech and action with fine jets of mead" (*English Traits*).

Alexander Ireland (born at Edinburgh, 1809, died at Fallowfield, December 9, 1894) was of good family and well educated. Although he early entered on a business career, he was devoted to books, and one of his friends remembers his transcribing the whole of White's 'Selborne' from a longing to own a copy. His hero was, of course, Sir Walter Scott, and perhaps the best introduction I can give him to many readers will be the following reminiscences in one of his letters to me (1871):

"I heard Robert Collyer three times, and he supped at the house in Liverpool where I was staying. He is a noble and true man. I liked him much, and I honor him for his manly and plain outspeaking.

"Now about Scott. I have sent you three little books, which may be interesting to you to look over. I enclose a letter I wrote to the *Scotsman* about a painfully interesting lithograph I have of him, from a painting by Knight I often went to see him sitting in the Court of Session below the bench, and used to wonder how all those marvellous creations could have emanated from that brain of his. After reading one of his novels I would go up to the court and feast my eyes on him. On one occasion I had an opportunity of speaking to him—or rather I had the luck to be spoken to by him. A friend who was going to Galashiels in a gig, on a commercial journey, offered to drive me there and back; so I thought I would seize the chance of seeing Abbotsford. It was in 1828. The place was not shown when he was at home, but as I had seen him the day before in court, I presumed he would not be at his home On presenting myself at the door a servant told me he could not admit me, as his 'Maister was at hame and nae body could be admitted when he was there.' At this moment Scott came into the hall on his way out to the grounds, and on seeing me he asked the servingman what I wanted. I told him I had come out from Edinburgh to see the place, not being aware that he was at home, as I had seen him in court the day before. He smiled and said, 'Let him see everything that is to be seen. You are welcome to see the place, sir.' He then passed on, his dogs gambolling about him. He looked hale and hearty—was dressed in a black and white checked shepherd's plaid suit, and had a belt on, stuck full of knives, hedge-bills, little saws, etc., for cutting and pruning timber.

"I knew James Laidlaw, an Inverness-shire farmer, brother of Willie Laidlaw, Scott's factotum. He was a heretic in religion, and he visited at Robert Ccambers's in Edinburgh, and many a pleasant hour I had with him over our toddy after supper. I remember his telling us an anecdote of Scott, who had been dictating to Willie Laidlaw, and somehow the doctrine of Atonement was touched upon. Scott broke out in denunciation of it, walked about the room in a vigorous manner, and said he wondered how any one could believe in such a doctrine.

"In 1859, at the Burns centenary, an old man, turned 100, came on the platform and recited 'Tam o' Shanter.' He had known Burns. My aunt, a venerable lady who died some ten years ago, danced many times with Burns at a public hall in Edinburgh, when he was all the rage there. I once took Burns's two sons to see this old lady, and they chatted for an hour, to the great delight of all the three. She has often told me about his appearance and manner of dancing."

These casually written notes indicate the atmosphere in which Alexander Ireland's youth was passed. At his hospitable fireside in his home, "Inglewood" (at Bowden, near Manchester), I have often listened to his early memories, but they always led to the most cherished of all—the day when he first heard the voice of Emerson. His ideal of pulpit eloquence had been filled by Chalmers, but one Sunday (August 18, 1833) he happened to attend the Unitarian church (Edinburgh) and came under a new kind of spell. Ireland never told me the subject or purport of Emerson's sermon, but the charm of it, the sweetness of voice, the absence of oratorical effort (in such contrast with Chalmers), the calm dignity and simplicity with which the original thoughts were uttered, remained with him to the end of life. Even within the past year, his eighty-fifth, I saw the youthful fire in his eyes when he referred again to that discourse heard in his twenty-fourth summer. But a greater joy awaited him. Emerson was not yet an author, he was totally unknown in England, and a professional gentleman of Edinburgh, to whom he brought a note of introduction, unaware that an angel had arrived at his door, turned him over to a young friend to be shown the sights of the neighborhood. This young friend was Ireland. Emerson was but six years older than his guide, but seems to have impressed the youth in much the same way that he did those who gathered around him in Concord twenty years later.

"He spoke on many subjects connected with life, society, and literature, and with an affluence of thought and fulness of knowledge which surprised and delighted me. I had never before met with any one of so fine and varied culture and with such frank sincerity of speech. There was a graciousness and kind encouragement, too, in his manner, inexpressibly winning to one so much younger than himself; and it was with a feeling akin to reverence that I listened to and drank in his high thoughts and ripe wisdom. A refined and delicate courtesy, a kind of spiritual hospitality, so to speak—the like of which, or anything approaching to which, I have never encountered—seemed to be a part of his very nature."

These words are from Ireland's little book on Emerson, where four pages are given to what the American told him about literature, and great men, some of whom he had just been visiting, and others (Carlyle and Wordsworth) he was about to visit. He strongly advised Ireland to write down his ideas, and the youth straightway began with "memoranda of that brief intercourse, written in a strain of youthful, enthusiastic admiration, and of perfectly confident expectancy as to his future—a strain which might at that time have sounded very inflated, but which his subsequent career may be said to have rendered almost tame and inadequate."

Although Carlyle's voice had reached Emerson, he was as yet so little known in his own country that Ireland remembered "the almost insuperable difficulty" of ascertaining where he lived; but at length the traveller went off to Craigenputtock, and a week later his young friend at Edinburgh was enriched by a long letter (printed from the original in my 'Thomas Carlyle') written from Liverpool, giving him a careful account of the visits to Carlyle and Wordsworth. Emerson had travelled far to meet the men whose thoughts had influenced his intellectual life. "Leave thy temple, and search for a heart," says Omar Khayyám. Emerson had resigned his pulpit, had visited great men, but did not find in any of them the heart he sought. But he knew that he had touched a true heart in the Edinburgh youth, and wrote to him, just as he was starting for America, inviting a visit. "I cannot think of sketching even his [Carlyle's] opinions, or repeating his conversations here. I will cheerfully do it when you visit me in America." "I noted down some of these [exhortations of Wordsworth] when I got to my inn, and you may see them in Boston, Massachusetts, when you will. I enjoyed both my visits highly, and shall always esteem your Britain very highly in love for its wise and good men's sake. I remember with much pleasure my visit to Edinburgh, and my short acquaintance with yourself and your good parents. It will give me great pleasure to hear from you, and to know your thoughts. Every man that ever was born has some that are peculiar. You have found out the virtues of solitude, I remember with much pleasure." He subscribed himself, too, "Your friend," which thrilled young Ireland's heart, and but for limited resources it is probable that the youth would have become the first of the many pilgrims from England who found their way to Concord. But the future held something more picturesque and more impor-

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tant than any such pilgrimage; and Emerson, who returned home to break the last clerical bonds, realized in the end the further saying of Omar: "A thousand chains broken by thee are less than to have chained to thee, by sweetness, a true heart."

Whatever spiritual bonds had remained on the Edinburgh youth softly fell away, after Emerson's touch, and his mind was gently revolutionized. He kept steadily at his business, and by increasing means earned the more leisure for literary studies, whose extent is known to the fortunate possessors of his 'Book-Lover's Enchiridion,' his 'William Hazlitt, Essayist and Critic,' and 'A List of the Writings of William Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt, etc.,' under whose bibliographical title is hid a wealth of information which made Emerson describe it as "a work of loyalty and good taste, so thoroughly and accurately performed that it will be the *liber veritatis* and *liber studiorum* for all lovers of Lamb and Hazlitt and Hunt, now and hereafter." But he was never ambitious of literary fame. During the ten years following Emerson's visit of 1833, Ireland remained at Edinburgh, happy in his books, in his German flute—on which he played Scotch airs finely enough to be remembered in Sir William Chambers' autobiography—above all happy in his circle of friends. Among these were Robert and William Chambers, Robert Cox (author of an encyclopædic 'Literature of the Sunday Question'), Dr. William Smith, who first introduced Fichte to English readers, and is to-day the venerated President of the Edinburgh Philosophical Society, and Dr. Hodgson, late Professor of Political Economy in the University of Edinburgh—who always wrote to Ireland as "Bro. Alex." (Hodgson's letters to Ireland were counted: there are as many as 5,000.) I have known all of these gentlemen personally, and have heard from them affectionate memories of Ireland. They used to ramble together in the beautiful solitudes, discuss high themes at Arthur's Seat or Salisbury Crags, and return to their "noctes cœnasque," where Ireland might charm them indeed with his flute, but never fail to tell them of his American prophet. And when the prophet's first utterance came ('Nature,' 1836), no doubt Ireland was its first recipient in that region, and passed it round. M. D. Conway.

VICTOR COUSIN AND THE UNITED STATES.

Paris, December 17, 1894.

When the holiday season shall have passed, and other than gift-books can be sold, a notable contribution to biographical literature will be brought out here. I refer to a work entitled 'M. Victor Cousin: sa Vie et sa Correspondance,' in three octavo volumes of some seven hundred pages each. The author of this *magnum opus* is the venerable M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, the translator of Aristotle, the professor of the College of France, the *fidus Achates* of Thiers, the Minister of Foreign Affairs some fifteen years ago, and one of the few remaining life-members of the French Senate. Thus the author, as well as the subject, of this biography, is a personage. But this is not the only reason why these volumes possess more than ordinary value.

Almost at his start in life, M. St.-Hilaire became Cousin's protégé. When the latter was appointed Minister of Public Instruction under Louis Philippe, the young Greek scholar, who held a modest clerkship in the Treasury Department, was made his *chef de cabinet*, and later it was Cousin's influence which had much to do with M. St.-Hilaire's entering the College of France. "I owe a great deal to Cousin," he said on one occasion just a year ago—"even this chair in which I am sitting at this moment, and which was his favorite one." But Cousin willed his friend things more valuable than this handsome old arm-chair. He made him his literary executor, and it was with all Cousin's private papers in hand that M. St.-Hilaire prepared, *con amore*, what must always be the most authoritative and perhaps the definitive Life of Victor Cousin.

In a long Introduction, the author recounts his personal relations with Cousin, which extended over the period between the years 1834 and 1867, the date of the philosopher's death. Then, having devoted some space to Cousin's early life, M. St.-Hilaire divides his career into three periods: 1815 to 1830, 1830 to 1852, and 1852 to 1867, which represent the three phases of Cousin's existence: professor, minister, and historian. Special chapters are given up to Cousin's correspondents and correspondence, to his teachers, his friends, his disciples, and to his personal characteristics. The third volume is filled wholly with the letters which passed between him and Royer-Collard, Hegel, Schelling, Sir William Hamilton, and other distinguished people. A hundred and fifty pages of the second volume are occupied by the history of Cousin's relations with the Congregation of the Index at Rome, an almost unknown episode of his life. The general conclusions concerning the philosophical influence of Cousin take up some fifty pages, while the whole work ends with the index—a desideratum generally lacking in French books—in the third volume.

Such is a brief general description of this forthcoming biography. But I propose examining more in detail some twenty-five pages in the first and second volumes, in which Cousin and several American correspondents exchange their views and hopes about primary education and philosophy, the two chief occupations of Cousin's versatile mind, and in which M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire now and then adds his own instructive observations, explanations, and surmises.

It is rather a curious fact in the history of popular education that this all-important matter was a burning topic of public consideration in both France and the United States at the very same hour. It so happened that, during the thirties, Horace Mann, Francis Lieber, Charles Brooks, Thomas Cushing, and many other educational reformers were laboring for the same end in America as were Guizot and Victor Cousin in France, and, what is not the least remarkable feature of this synchronism, they were coadjutors—a relationship revealed in these pages of M. Saint-Hilaire.

In taking up the American side of Cousin's efforts in the field of primary instruction, M. St.-Hilaire says:

"In the United States, where M. Cousin necessarily had fewer relations than in Europe, he awakened quite as much sympathy and even more enthusiasm. In general, popular education was very much neglected in that immense country, which, by its very position, had to combat nature and subdue it before being able to think of the cultivation of the mind. . . . If a common organization was impossible, many attempts at particular organization might be profitably made. This was Cousin's opinion, and, in his zeal, he would have liked to do for America what he had already done for France."

What it was that Cousin had accomplished in France, and how he contributed to advance the cause in America, are touched upon in several of the letters in this collection. Thus, on January 17, 1834, Francis Lieber, who seizes the occasion to send his Report on Girard College, which had just been founded, to Cousin, writes to him as follows from Philadelphia:

"Some review articles on your labors have been reprinted here by different societies and distributed throughout the country. I have been asked to translate your 'Report on Public Instruction in Prussia.' As I was born in that country and owe to its institutions, schools, and universities all that I am, I take a double interest in your excellent work; and it has occurred to me that I might submit to you my humble effort as a means of expressing to you the deep thankfulness which ought to be felt towards you by all who have a care for the rising generation even in this hemisphere. This sentiment is all the stronger because the way for it was prepared by the admiration awakened here by your philosophical works. . . . You will oblige me very particularly, and will render, I believe, a service to this grand cause of education, if you will be kind enough to send me all the legislative or other documents relating to the school system, past or present, of France. I desire very much to have the Report of the Minister of Public Instruction. I beg you to pardon me the trouble I give you with so little ceremony. But I feel sure that you will be disposed to furnish all the light you can in so noble a cause, which is, in reality, the cause of humanity."

Alexander H. Everett, editor of the *North American Review*, writing to Cousin from Boston in the spring of the same year as Dr. Lieber, thus refers to the latter's educational publications: "As you are doubtless aware, they have attracted the most serious attention in this country, as well as in England, and they will render an immense service to this grand cause of education."

The Rev. Charles Brooks, who met Cousin in Paris in 1834, writes to him from Hingham, Mass., early in 1837, that, during an extensive tour devoted to lecturing on the necessity of a reform of elementary education in the United States, he often quoted Cousin's Prussian Report, and then continues: "I had much more success than I thought I should have, and I am convinced that it is due to my having followed your example in your noble and wise efforts to obtain the same end. Your name was constantly associated with my labors, and I referred to you as one of the greatest benefactors of the two continents. May God bless you in your future work."

Cousin exchanged several letters with Mr. Brooks, sending him on one occasion the Report on Dutch Schools which the former had just brought out, and which the latter translated and circulated extensively in the United States. "Your work is widely known," Mr. Brooks writes him, "and is exercising the most happy influence. We are profoundly thankful to you for it." Whereupon Cousin replies: "I feel that there exists in America a veritable love for the people and a wish for their moral emancipation, without which all civil liberty is a chimera and a danger. I sympathize from the very depths of my heart with the efforts of all the true friends of popular education, and I beg of them to count upon me on every occasion."

In 1837 the American Institute of Boston chose Cousin as one of its foreign members, and this is M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire's comment thereon:

"Though M. Cousin was loaded with honors of this kind, he said that none ever touched him so deeply as this one. We can easily believe him, for such a disinterested recognition as this, coming from such a distance, was the very thing to move a heart like his. M. Cousin had done good service to his own country, and it so happened that what he

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had accomplished in France had also been a benefit to far-away nations. A large nature could be excused for feeling a personal pride in having obtained a result which was as happy as it was unexpected."

M. St.-Hilaire publishes in full a long, earnest, and characteristic letter sent to Cousin in 1838 by a once well-known Boston teacher and text-book compiler, Miss Eliza Robbins.* In this rather rambling epistle its author refers to Hillard as "a young man who ardently desires to make himself useful to society," declares that Bryant "is the most admired poet of our country," mentions her "having in Europe a young friend, Mr. Charles Sumner, who has already had the good fortune of seeing you," describes a cheap edition of the Prussian Report which she had brought out, and then dwells on "the immense services you have rendered our age and all countries by the explanations, as beautiful as learned, concerning a method and practice that can secure the moral culture of mankind."

Cousin was also acquainted with another original Boston teacher. He says in one of his letters to Mr. Brooks: "Will you kindly offer to Mr. Alcott, as coming from me, a copy of the list of questions which I drew up for one of my countrymen whom the Government has sent on an educational mission to Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Iceland? Mr. Alcott might do me the honor to insert it in his journal." This same letter contains the following message for an educator of quite another mould: "If Mr. Edward Everett, whom I formerly knew at Göttingen, still remembers me, give him my compliments, and please tell him that I am at his command if he wants documents or my humble opinion on any matters connected with public instruction."

But Cousin was not satisfied with simply sending our educational reformers his writings and his advice and receiving in return honorary distinctions and flattering praise, however sincere and well deserved. He paid a higher compliment to his transatlantic colaborers by repeatedly asking them for accounts of what they were doing, and what the state of education in America was. It is evident that he felt he, too, could learn something from them. His letters to his New York and Boston correspondents and their replies show this in many places. Thus, he asks Alexander H. Everett to send him a complete collection of documents on education in Massachusetts. He thanks Brooks for a box of books and pamphlets of this kind, "a precious gift"; begs, further, for sets of the *Annals of Education* and the Memoirs of the American Institute, and closes the letter with these words: "I hope these two works will suffice to keep me *au courant* of popular education throughout the American Union. And, finally, I trust that you can get for me each year the official reports of the Massachusetts Government."

Without doubt these American relations reminded Cousin—it is M. St.-Hilaire himself who makes the surmise—of a grave *lacuna* in the famous "law of 1833" which established the primary-school system of France, that is, in so far as boys were concerned. The education of French girls was not even mentioned. M. St.-Hilaire offers this explanation, which is new, to me at least:

"This oversight, however, cannot be attributed to M. Cousin. A mind like his could not have been so narrow. In the proposed bill as he submitted it to M. Guizot was a fifth and final article devoted wholly to girls. . . . In a moment of feebleness, which was far from honorable, the Government cut off this article. What was the motive? It is no longer known; but from what was said at the time, the reason was a most unworthy one. It appears that the Government feared that the Chamber of Deputies might ridicule them if they left this clause in. So, instead of bravely facing down these foolish jokers, the Government timidly drew back."

So it was not Cousin's fault if the elementary education of girls by the state was not realized till towards the end of the Second Empire, I might almost say till the advent of the Third Republic. It is to be noted, also, in this connection, that M. St.-Hilaire makes Cousin the author of the law of 1833, which is always attributed entirely to Guizot.

But it was not alone questions of elementary education which drew Cousin towards America. Philosophical interests also attracted him in the same direction. Several of his metaphysical studies had been translated by Americans and published in the United States before his report on the Prussian schools had appeared even in France. In fact, his reputation as a philosopher had prepared the way in the New World, as we have already seen from Dr. Lieber's letter, for the more utilitarian rôle of the educational reformer. One of these American propagandists of the principles of French philosophical spiritualism was George Ripley, who had brought out in English dress in Boston several fragments of Cousin's work in this field, and to him Cousin writes as follows in 1838:

"The letter which Mr. Sumner handed me gave me great pleasure, as it informed me that Mr. Bancroft is one of us in our philosophical belief. God bless his noble efforts. Materialism and atheism can produce a revolution, but they cannot establish liberty. If you have no faith in the dignity of man and the grandeur of his destiny, you are not likely to devote yourself to his service, or to recognize or respect his rights. Spiritual philosophy has its place wherever Christianity has its place, wherever man is counted as something. I am not sufficiently acquainted with American affairs to have an opinion about the political parties which divide you. But, in the world at large, I may be said to belong to the grand liberal party; and my politics are in accord with my philosophy. In Europe, I cannot call myself a democrat, for I am a constitutionalist; and eclecticism has been my guiding star in the political storms which I have encountered, as among the systems of philosophy which I have examined. Since Mr. Bancroft is kind enough to interest himself in my labors, please give him my compliments, as well as Mr. Brownson and Mr. Alexander H. Everett. Ask them to please send me any numbers of the *Christian Examiner* or the *North American Review* in which philosophical questions are discussed and I can find some signs of progress of the good cause."

Among the other American correspondents of Cousin were Sumner; Henry P. Tappan, introduced by Bancroft in 1851 as "one of the best thinkers of my country," whose 'Elements of Logic,' M. St.-Hilaire tells us, "Cousin declared equal to anything Europe possesses in that department"; Prof. March of Lafayette College; Henry Wheaton, then United States minister to Berlin; Prof. Charles K. True of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.; George Ticknor; President Bache of Girard College; and Henry Harrisse, the Columbus scholar.

THEODORE STANTON.

* The late editor of the *Westminster Review*, Dr. John Chapman, who died last month, used to tell a rather amusing and typical anecdote of Miss Robbins. While she was a guest at his London house, Louis Blanc, then in exile, called. Greatly surprised at the diminutiveness of a man about whom she had heard so much, she exclaimed when he had left: "Well, that's about the smallest atom of eminence I ever laid eyes on."

Correspondence.

THE PULLMAN-CAR RATE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: While nearly every one will impulsively approve of the pending legislation to regulate and reduce Pullman-car rates, said to be championed by Senator Sherman, there is a view of the matter, apt to be lost sight of, which, when considered, will cause a reversal of the opinion of some on the subject. Senator Sherman and other advocates of a high protective tariff oppose free trade because it will result in cheapness, and cheapness is one form of vulgarity. Consistency is a rare quality, with Senators as well as with other people. Senator Sherman objects to paying two dollars for a night's lodging on a Pullman. He wants the rate cut down to a dollar or less, and a substantial difference made between a lower and an upper berth. But such changes will not affect him alone. There are many more persons who would pay one dollar for a berth than there are persons who now pay two dollars for one. Last summer, when I boarded the train at Colorado Springs, and found that, through some act of stupidity or omission of the agent, no berth had been reserved for me, and all the lowers and all the uppers were taken at two dollars or more apiece, I thought Pullman rates were too low.

I do not pretend to be consistent. I am in favor of free trade, but I am not in favor of free Pullman berths. I can wear a free-trade suit of clothes and be perfectly exclusive about it, and I want to sleep in a Pullman as nearly exclusive as I can. Senator Sherman aims to make Pullmans cheap and vulgar. He overlooks the fact that he now gets something for his $2 besides his night's lodging. It is worth something to have the upper over your lower berth unoccupied. It is worth something to feel that your co-Pullman occupants are of the well-to-do, and usually the more refined, class. Let Pullman alone. Compel all the railroads to haul what may be termed "tourists' sleepers," if you like, Senator Sherman, but spare to such of us as want them the privilege we now enjoy. As a legislator we have the right to expect you to be consistent.

W. J. ROBERTS.

KEOKUK, IA., December 31, 1894.

A CHAPTER OF ALASKA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your correspondent Mr. Bingham, in the *Nation*, 3d inst., very properly calls attention to the fact that the writer of a "Chapter of Alaska," in the *New England Magazine* for January, 1895, has been imposed upon: the character and services of Charles Bryant in no manner whatever resemble those attributed to him by the writer of that article.

Charles Bryant sailed in 1853 for his first cruise in the North Pacific Ocean, in the whaleship *Metacom*, 360 tons, owned by J. B. Wood & Co. of New Bedford, Mass. This vessel sailed from New Bedford on its fifth cruise, in 1853, for the "Pacific Ocean and Northwest Coast"; she returned to New Bedford in 1857. She was commanded by Capt. E. H. Woodbridge, and Bryant does not appear as an officer on her rolls. She sailed again for the same region on July 16, 1857, with Bryant on board as a second mate, commanded by Capt. John F. Hinds; while homeward bound in 1860, she was lost on Tutuilla, Navigator Islands, in

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December, but 700 barrels of oil were saved and sold from the wreck. Bryant never sailed again.

Charles Bryant actually knew nothing of Alaska in 1867, more than the average whaler's yarn about the country—a vague and idle understanding. Whalemen never went ashore in that region unless wrecked there. They made Honolulu their base of supplies, and the only natives that Bryant ever saw or understood were the Sandwich Island people.

What he learned and what he did for the natives on the seal islands of Alaska reflects no such light as Mr. C. E. Cabot tries to throw over it. J. A.

Washington, D. C., January 7, 1895.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. Bingham's letter in your last issue, under the above caption, is about as wide of the mark in a critical sense as the foolishly laudatory article in the *New England Magazine* was in the other. Capt. Bryant was among those examined when the treaty of annexation was pending, and showed a very good knowledge (for the time) of the Bering Sea region, though I do not think his testimony was in any sense decisive as regards the acceptance of the treaty. Still, it no doubt led to his appointment as assistant agent at the islands, where he did good service for the Government, and stood against a mass of false testimony, abuse, and greed, for the rights of the Government and the natives. To him more than to any one else is due the consideration of the rights of these helpless people in the lease contract. He was in constant correspondence with Senator Sumner, and fortunately was worthy of the confidence of the Senator and the Secretary of the Treasury, which he retained as long as he remained in Alaska.

The magazine writer has confused valuable and useful observations made on the seals after his appointment as agent, with his testimony before the committee on the treaty. The former were published by J. A. Allen in his work on the seals issued by the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Cambridge, and were rated as important and valuable by Prof. Allen, who is certainly a good judge in such matters.

While Bryant was not a cultivated man, he was intelligent and experienced, and not at all what one usually understands by the term "illiterate." On the whole, he has deserved well of his country, and certainly deserved a more intelligent and better informed eulogist than the writer in the *New England Magazine*.

H.

Washington, January 6, 1894.

Notes.

The Century Co. will publish this week a work on 'Municipal Government in England,' by Albert Shaw.

A series of biographies of "European Statesmen," in the style and scope of "Twelve English Statesmen," is to be issued by Macmillan & Co., under the editorship of Prof. J. B. Bury. The same firm announce a students' edition of Chaucer in one volume, by the Rev. W. W. Skeat.

Ginn & Co. have nearly ready 'The Academy Song-book,' for use in schools and colleges, by Charles H. Levermore, principal of the Adelphi Academy, Brooklyn, and H. F. Reddall.

'Sidney Forrester' is a novel, by a new writer, announced by H. W. Hagemann, 160 Fifth Avenue.

The Harpers have added another volume to the bookish monument of the late George William Curtis, 'Literary and Social Essays.' These are nine in number, ranging from 1853 to 1891, and are mostly of one kind, having to do with the personality and the genius of Emerson, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Holmes, and Irving. There is also one on Rachel, one on Thackeray in America, and a third, on Sir Philip Sidney, which has never been published heretofore. They have in common the stamp of the magazine writer, and belong (except in outward form) with the triple series of selections 'From the Easy Chair.' The publishers have made a pretty book of this, but on p. 133 "Fénélon" should discard its second accented *e*, and on p. 142 Francesca di Rimini has her sex altered by a misplaced final *o*. Into Emerson's "Concord Hymn," even, a misprint of "see" for *set* in the third stanza (p. 11) has crept; and in the last line of the second stanza "that" should be replaced by *which*, if we may trust 'Harper's Cyclopædia of British and American Poetry.'

The fourth volume of Jefferson's writings as edited by Paul Leicester Ford (Putnams) covers the period from 1784 to 1787, during the ministry in France. The future head of the low-tariff party is here seen desirous to have the States "practise neither commerce nor navigation, but to stand with respect to Europe precisely on the footing of China." "The cultivators of the earth," in his theory, "are the most virtuous citizens, and possess most of the *amor patriæ*. Merchants are the least virtuous, and possess the least of the *amor patriæ*." Jefferson's continental instincts, however, forced him to take an interest in "the cutting thro' the isthmus of Panama—which the world has so often wished & supposed practicable." He also pays sufficient regard to Europe to inform Monroe of the ratio of gold and silver in several countries, for the guidance of Congress on that subject. "The average is 1 to 14⅝." On the other hand, he was pleased to see "the exaggerations of our want of faith with which the London papers teem," with consequent loss of credit abroad; which he hopes will lead to the abolition of all credit at home. He has a kind word for Thomas Paine, as worthy of Virginia's substantial gratitude; and he touches off neatly the characters of Franklin and Lafayette.

The Syndicate Publishing Co., Philadelphia, have now completed with a fourth volume their reissue of 'The Encyclopædic Dictionary.' The first variations from the original plates (of 1888) appear in the appendix, which opens with an historical sketch of the English language. Some changes have been made in the list of Latin phrases and quotations and in the brief chapter on English lexicography. Additions are: A not very extensive array of American colloquial and slang phrases; names of States, Territories, and political parties; geographical Americanisms; tables of weights, measures, and money; glossaries of law, trade, and finance, etc. The lists of contractions and abbreviations are omitted. There is a gain in space on the shelf from this edition, but no higher praise can be awarded to it. The original remains an excellent work, valuable for reference beside any other.

'Hazell's Annual' for 1895 (London: Hazell, Watson & Viney) completes the tenth year of this excellent encyclopædia. In the mass of new matter introduced the greatest interest attaches, on both sides of the water, to the revolutionary Finance Act in the particulars of income tax and death duties. These are fully set forth. There are maps of Africa (for its political divisions), Australia, the Arctic regions (showing explorations up to date). Mr. Maxim's air-ship is described under Aërial Navigation. Mr. Aubrey Beardsley's is one of the new biographies. It appears that this master of black and white was a musical precocity, and "gave concerts at the age of 7," *i. e.*, in 1880. Signora Duse, Prince Hohenlohe, Moritz Jokaï, Johann Strauss, Casimir-Perier, and Nicholas II. are likewise noticed for the first time.

The South cuts a large figure in the two bound volumes of *Scribner's Magazine* for 1894. Besides Mr. Cable's "John March, Southerner," and Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's "Burial of the Guns," we meet again articles on the farmer in the South, on Florida, and on the Sea Islands (Mr. Joel Chandler Harris's account of the great hurricane). By contrast, four famous New England watering-places are described for the hundredth time. Vanished hands are recognized in Robert C. Winthrop's brief paper on Webster's reply to Hayne, and in Mr. Hamerton's remarks on the artists selected for representation in the pictorial series, "Types of Contemporary Painting." Three other series are notable for their illustrations as well as for the letterpress, viz.: that giving numerous examples of the work of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and two on Burne-Jones and Watts, in which *Scribner's* does a real service to a tottering art by calling in the skilled wood-engraver where economy would have dictated a resort to "process" engraving.

The tenth volume of the monthly which bears the imprint of the *Babyhood* Publishing Co., New York, justifies anew its title to admission into every family with growing children. Out of 67 leading articles in this volume, 29 are from the pens of physicians, and Dr. Leroy M. Yale's name is still borne on the title-page as medical editor. There is much interesting matter also in the domain of education, and the notes and queries for anxious mothers are noticeably fresh in spite of the recurrence of the old story.

The publication of Mr. G. Steel's 'English Grammar and Analysis for Students and Young Teachers' (Longmans) is, in a small way, an international misfortune. The author describes himself as "Lecturer on Science and Method under the School Board for London." We do not know to what department of science Mr. Steel has given his attention, but the gross blunders which deface his little manual show that he has no knowledge of the science of philology. As to "method," we hope there is more of it in Mr. Steel's school-board lectures than in his book.

A work of exceptional value reaches us in a new edition of Medlicott and Blanford's 'Manual of the Geology of India,' prepared by R. D. Oldham, superintendent of the Geological Survey of India. The original edition, published in 1879, has for some time been out of print. Much revision of its chapters was needed in view of new field-work. That this has been given by Mr. Oldham appears from the special type in the elaborate table of contents by which the new matter is indicated. The three main divisions of India are well characterized—the peninsula upland, a dissected plateau of old rocks and lava-beds, slightly disturbed; the great mountain ranges on the north, of old and young rocks, greatly crushed and deformed and deeply eroded; and the broad Indo-Gangetic plain between the two, a wide expanse of river-borne gravels, sands, and clays.

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It is noticeable, in the closing chapter on the geological history of India, that Mr. Oldham retains local names, such as Dharwar, Cuddapah, and Vindhyan, for the older divisions of the stratified rocks, not feeling satisfied to correlate them definitely with the divisions of the geological scale more familiar to us. The volume contains a colored map on a scale of 96 miles to an inch.

Two volumes, styled 'Morphologie der Erdoberfläche,' by Prof. Albrecht Penck of Vienna, constitute the latest number in the series of Geographical Handbooks edited by Prof. Ratzel, and published by Engelhorn of Stuttgart. Prof. Penck is well known as among the most active of the younger school of geological geographers in Europe, if, indeed, he may not be called their leader. Since his call to the University of Vienna, he has been a prolific writer and an inspiring teacher; yet he has found time for the preparation of the scholarly work now before us, even though it has involved the consultation of a great variety of geological and geographical literature. Unlike some other numbers of the series, Penck's work contains a large number of citations of scattered articles, which must prove of high value to the inquiring reader. Its contents embrace the whole earth at one extreme, and its minor topographical features at the other. It must prove indispensable in all our libraries where German scientific books have any place.

The Berlin publisher Hoffmann has just issued a volume of 380 pages entitled 'Bismarck-Gedichte des *Kladderadatsch*,' edited by Horst Kohl, with nearly a hundred illustrations by Wilhelm Scholz and Gustav Brandt. It contains more than two hundred poems, chiefly of a satirical or humorous character, some of which have been already printed in the 'Bismarck-Album' published by the same house in 1890. The book is a unique and decidedly entertaining contribution to the recent political history of Germany as reflected in the magnifying and facetiously distorting mirror of a comic journal. The earlier poems, beginning with 1862, are mostly censorious, and it is curious to follow the evolution of opinion from animadversion and antagonism to expressions of high esteem after the war of 1866, culminating in unbounded admiration from 1870 to 1894.

In this connection we may mention two other Bismarckiana, both edited by Dr. Heinrich von Poschinger: 'Die Ansprachen des Fürsten Bismarck' (Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt), a collection of speeches made between 1848 and 1894 to deputations and on other occasions of gratulation and ovation; and the second volume of 'Fürst Bismarck und die Parlamentarier' (Breslau: Trewendt). The first volume of this work, which appeared a year ago, bore the subordinate and special title, "Die Tischgespräche des Reichskanzlers," and consisted chiefly of his table talk, whereas the contents of the present one are derived from utterances of various members of the imperial Diet, communicated either orally or through the press, or contained in letters, memoirs, reminiscences, and similar publications. It covers the period from 1847 to 1879, and will be followed by a third volume coming down to the date of Bismarck's retirement from office.

A little-known, but accomplished and wise teacher, M. Lachelier of the École Normale, now *inspecteur général*, has the satisfaction of seeing the fruits of his teaching in a second generation of writers taught by pupils of his own. M. Gabriel Séailles, who is himself one of the most inspiring professors in Paris, has published a book, 'Ernest Renan: Essai de biographie psychologique' (Paris: Perrin & Cie.), which is a conscientious and thorough piece of work. It is an admirable study of the great and elusive thinker and writer whose influence has been and is so largely felt by the youth of France. It is earnest and serious, and withal captivating. It enables one to understand the affectionate enthusiasm felt for M. Séailles by his students, and to trace to its source the excellence of the work done by them.

M. Charles Buet's 'Le Péché' and M. Paul Gaulot's 'Henriette Busseuil' (Paris: Paul Ollendorff) are two of the very latest additions to the large family of French novels whose chief characteristic is a loving treatment of sensuousness and adultery. The work of M. Gaulot has not even the high literary quality which might condone in very slight degree the choice of subject, and merits, therefore, no further mention. M. Buet's is somewhat better written, but is mainly remarkable for the bold assertion of the author, in a prefatory letter to M. Bourget, that, like this gentleman, he is a "catholique," a religiously moral writer, and therefore his book is good, though otherwise it might even be bad, being the account of a "physiological case:" It becomes very speedily wearisomely disgusting.

Since we last took note of its progress, the new (eighth) edition of the invaluable 'Ritter's Geographisch-Statistisches Lexikon' (Leipzig: Otto Wigand; New York: Westermann) has advanced from the fifth to the tenth instalment, which brings the work to the letter G. This affords a convenient point of comparison with the bulk of the sixth edition, and shows 640 against 520 pages. More than a quarter of the work has thus been achieved. Nearly the same forwardness has been attained by the 'Dictionnaire Général de la Langue Française' of MM. Hatzfeld, Darmesteter, and Thomas, of which the fourteenth fascicule ends with *four*. Apart from its popular character, this work is playing a useful part as a forerunner of the 'New English Dictionary,' in respect of the ultimate derivation of French words, in the light of the latest scholarship. On the other hand, when Mr. Henry Bradley reaches *fardel*, it will be interesting to see whether he can throw no more light on the origin of *fardeau* than our French editors profess to be able to do.

The fifth part of Mr. Wm. C. Harris's 'Fishes of North America' (New York: The Harris Publishing Co.) embraces the duck-bill catfish and the sturgeon, and the bowfin or dogfish, in the letterpress, while the two chromo-lithographs represent the weakfish or squeteague, and the Rocky Mountain whitefish. We understand that the costly and difficult work of publication will now be carried on at a much more rapid pace. The colored fish-portraits are all from oil originals expressly prepared for this work.

The three latest parts (30, 31, and 32) of the 'Atlas to accompany the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies' (Washington: Government Printing Office) continue the general topographical map of the theatre of war. The only Northern States in this portion are Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois.

Mr. H H. Johnston's official report of his three years' administration of British Central Africa is a valuable account of the physical, ethnological, social, and political conditions of a comparatively little known part of the continent. Two-thirds of the country described, the eastern half of the northern basin of the Zambesi, consists of extensive plateaux broken by river valleys and mountain ranges. When above 3,000 feet in height, they have for six months of the year a delightful temperature, and at no season is the heat unbearably oppressive. The value of the country for stock-raising is greatly diminished by the tsetse fly, which, however, disappears with cultivation. The lung-disease which, starting from the country south of Abyssinia, has swept southward to the northern end of Lake Nyasa, destroying not only domestic cattle, but buffaloes, antelopes, and zebras, seems to have died out. Considerable space is given to an account of the origin of and devastation caused by the slave-trade, as well as the measures taken to suppress it. The Commissioner has come to the conclusion that the presence of Arabs is incompatible with the introduction of European civilization, and sooner or later the Arabs must go from Central Africa. Its salvation, he believes, will be found in the introduction of the Indian trader and agriculturist. A number of maps accompany the report.

The presence of the Sikh soldiers in British Central Africa has brought a new language into existence, which is described as a most extraordinary "mixture of Hindustani, Swahili, Yao, and Chinyanja." Though but a year old, it is well understood by the people. The influence of the Indians is shown also in a wonderful change in the habits and manners of the natives. They require boots, turbans, trousers, and coats, and at a distance it is said to be now difficult to distinguish the half-naked savage of a year ago from the Sikh soldier in his ordinary dress. Better than this, the negro is reported to have gained confidence in his British rulers, to have laid aside the gun, and to be devoting himself much more regularly to earning the money required to supply these new wants.

From the thirteenth annual report of the Dante Society at Cambridge (Boston: Ginn & Co.) we learn that a concordance to the lesser Italian works of Dante, similar in plan to Dr. Fay's Concordance to the 'Divine Comedy,' has already been completed in the cards, and that a concordance to the Latin works is contemplated. For these and many other useful undertakings an enlarged membership is much to be desired. The Latham prize is to be reawarded for the best essay by a Harvard student, or graduate of not more than three years' standing, on one of three topics. The report is bound up with a valuable index of proper names in the prose works and canzoniere of Dante, by Paget Toynbee. We remark here a recent publication by Prof. A. Fiammazzo, 'Il codice dantesco della biblioteca di Bergamo [codice Grumelli], illustrato' (Udine: Doretti). In sixty-seven pages this, one of the most precious MSS. of the 'Divine Comedy,' is described, and the variants as compared with Witte's text recorded. The codex dates from 1402.

Mr. Reuben G. Thwaites, secretary of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, writes to us: "In your issue for December 27, 1894, I find an appreciative note upon the forty-second annual meeting of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin; but you state, in connection with its collection of bound newspaper files, 'About 350 volumes date from before the nineteenth century.' As a matter of fact, the number of volumes of newspapers in this collection ranging between the years 1650 and 1800 inclusive is 720."

In our notice last week of Marston's 'Walton,' we neglected to name the American publishers, Messrs. A. C. Armstrong & Son.

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—The *Atlantic* for the month of January contains an article which, even in the midst of others that are excellent, is conspicuous for breadth of treatment and for the writer's energetic sympathy with her subject—the meaning, nominally, of the annual Welsh bardic festival of the Eisteddfod. Under cover, however, of the limitation of the title, there is to be found an able panegyric, not only of the Cymric tongue—declared not unlike the Greek, so rhythmical is it, "so velvety-smooth, then again so full of resonant, *big-mouth* words"—but also of the people to whom it is the dearest of inheritances, a cult, something not only loved but reverenced and adored. The exalted patriotism and poetical gifts of the Cymro of old are traced in his descendants, who have transferred their virtues, their love of Cymraeg, and their Eisteddfodau to a new soil, and whose singing here is still fervency itself, "particularly in the great chorals wherein they excel all other nationalities," although the intensity of their fervor never causes a loss of purity of tone. That "the highest possibilities of alliterative consonance are to be found in the Welsh language" is a dictum no one will be disposed to dispute, or perhaps regret, after glancing over the nomenclature and examples of "restricted versification," with its pencerddol, dysgyblaidd, and iselraddol symphonies, and their subdivisions. Although it has not the racial revelations that make the paper by Edith Brower exhilarating reading, a much briefer article, by Philip H. Goepp, on "The Symphony Illustrated by Beethoven's Fifth in C Minor," is at once a clearly reasoned and persuasive warning against the fallacy of too persistently finding "a meaning" in music. Enthusiastic amateurs will do well, in the interim of listening to music, to read here why they also should not fall into the opposite fallacy of seeking "mere sensuous sound effect." To turn from the number's striking musical group, which is completed by the first part of Mrs. Wiggin's "Village Stradivarius," "The Survival of the American Type" is a forcible, if here and there nebulous, article, to the effect that our development of a new citizenship, grouped about personality that must come to the front, is the only alternative to our loss of liberty. Prof. Adolphe Cohn's review of French recovery since *l'année terrible* is an example of the lucidity of expression that distinguishes the people of whom he writes.

—Although the four magazines have, without exception, devoted space to the most observed of Oriental nations, the *Century* alone balances its somewhat perfunctory article on "The Armor of Old Japan" by another on the rival people. This, which is the continuation of an M. P.'s recollections of Canton, deals with the punishment of criminals, and the river population. In view of its capital illustrations, together with its pleasantly familiar and graphic text, it may be considered the most noteworthy of the number's completed articles, unless future developments shall award this distinction to Hiram S. Maxim's elaborately and excellently illustrated account of his invention of a new flying-machine, under the head of an experiment in aerial navigation. A clever disciple of Mr. Henry James pursues through the intricacies of international variance in intonation, social habits, and views of afternoon tea, the story of "A Lady of New York," and in spite of the film of psychological analysis which he interposes as a veil between reader and characters, succeeds in presenting the latter agreeably and movingly. For the rest, *place aux dames* may be taken as the motto of the number, since a sprightly summing up, in guise of fiction, of the various ways in which an active young woman may nowadays wrest a living from society by means of hands and head, is followed finally by descriptions of festivals at five colleges for women. Though the themes are not novel, the indulgence which is the part of chivalry towards what is produced by the sex will doubtless be extended to the articles.

—The title-page of *Scribner's* gains a distinction it is to keep throughout the year from the name of George Meredith, whose new novel, "The Amazing Marriage," begins in the current number. Miss Edith Wharton adds to the beautiful reproductions of some almost forgotten terracotta groups in the remote monastery of San Vivaldo in Tuscany, the needful description of their rediscovery by herself, and supports her critical acumen as to date and origin by the authority of Prof. Ridolfi, who writes, "I declare with absolute certainty that it is a mistake to attribute these beautiful works to Giovanni Gonnelli, and that they are a century earlier in date," from the hand of "an artist of the school of the Robbias, who follows their precepts and possesses their style." Without the aid of an appeal to the eye, George Trumbull Ladd produces a view of the "Mental Characteristics of the Japanese" which may be accepted as the most enlightening contribution to the month's batch of papers upon "this interesting, this provoking race." Mr. Ladd's three months' stay among them was devoted to an attempt to enter into the controlling forms of their mental life, and these forms fall, in his analysis, into sentimentalism, with its accompanying impulsiveness and artistic instinct; fidelity, blind and undisciplined, but productive, nevertheless, of splendid examples of self-sacrificing heroism; and a fickleness, not to be confounded with frivolity, which is at once the source of the mobility of mind admired by foreigners, as well as of the preference of the latter for seeking and trusting the Chinese rather than the Japanese in mercantile and commercial affairs of every kind. Those to whom mental dissection is distasteful will find no tincture of it in the earnest and straightforward paper in which Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth describes the Salvationists as "slummers," in London and in our own democratically developed but no less direful human lairs. As works of alleviation the results she describes are admirable; but hope of eradication is not to be distinctly found in even the "change of heart" which is the Army's reconstructive basis.

—*Harper's* makes its frontispiece of a likeness of the late Count of Paris, and its leading article of a solid piece of reading, which is enlivened by illustrations, detailing the "Fortunes of the Bourbons." Throughout the number, pictures and text are kept in the customary equilibrium—the profuseness or value of one balancing the brevity or slenderness of the other. Mr. Alfred Parsons's "Fuji-San," the great Sacred Mountain of Japan, is, however, remarkable for its illustrations and for the fact that its author made the famous ascent. It is a veracious account of an interesting trip, minus all glamour of poetry or enthusiasm, reading much like a guide-book description, and seemingly "done to order." But the pictures are charming, full of tenderness and a poetic quality which may perhaps have been eliminated from the text by too vigorous and business-like condensation.

—The third annual meeting of the American Psychological Association was held at Princeton, December 28 and 29, under the presidency of Prof. Wm. James. The programme included many interesting papers. The most remarkable topical discussion was, perhaps, that on Pleasure and Pain and Emotion, to which five papers were devoted on Friday morning, by Messrs. Strong (Chicago), Marshall (New York), Mead (Chicago), Miller (Bryn Mawr), and Mezes (Texas). A lively debate sprang up after these papers, participated in by other well-known men. Prof. James's presidential address Thursday evening, on "The Unity of Consciousness," was a clear statement and illuminating criticism of the current typical doctrines of mental unity or synthesis—the burning question now so much in evidence in the controversy between the "Apperceptionists" and "Associationists." Prof. James divided theories into three classes, instead of two: he finds the traditional association theory now opposed by two others, which he calls respectively "psycho-physical," citing Münsterberg and Baldwin as its advocates in this country, and the "spiritual or soul" theory, of which he finds a modern statement in the writings of Prof. Ladd. The discussion which followed was largely in the hands of those whom Mr. James referred to in his paper. As it happened, Prof. Ladd read a long essay on "The Consciousness of Identity and Double Consciousness" the same afternoon. Other interesting papers were "Minor Studies from the Clark Laboratory," by Prof. Sanford, "A Preliminary Report on Imitation," by Prof. Royce, "The Psychic Development of Young Animals," by Prof. Wesley Mills of Montreal, "Recent Advances in the Chemistry of the Retina," by Mrs. Christine Ladd Franklin, etc. The monotony of science was broken midway by President Patton's pleasant reception at his residence on Thursday evening. At the business meeting of the Association, the matter of affiliation with the Society of American Naturalists was considered, and its decision left in the hands of the Executive Council, together with the place of meeting for next year. A constitution was adopted, under which the following officers were elected: President (for one year), Prof. Cattell; Secretary and Treasurer, Prof. Sanford; Council, Profs. James, Ladd, Cattell, Baldwin, Dewey, and Fullerton.

—At no time, probably, in the history of Darwinism, except in the period immediately following the publication of the 'Origin of Species," has the evolutionary hypothesis given rise to so much discussion among naturalists as at the present. For most of this, science owes its debt mainly to the late Prof. Romanes, to Prof. Weismann, and to the School of Mechanical Reversionists, or Neo-Lamarckians, which first took emphatic stand in this country under the banner of Prof. Cope of Philadelphia. The uproar has been going on for the better part of ten years, during which the "under nurse" of Darwinism, as Prof. Huxley years ago styled himself, has remained silent, and has given scant expression to his own views touching the points in controversy. He has recently broken this silence, and with refreshing clearness stated his position as to true Darwinism and the new evolution which some have tried to put in its place. Responding to the toast of "The Medallists," on the occasion of the anniversary meeting of the Royal Society of London (Nov. 30)—Huxley being the recipient of the Darwin medal—he said:

"If it has pleased the Royal Society to re-

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cognize such poor services as I may have rendered in that capacity, I am very glad, because I am as much convinced now as I was thirty-four years ago that the theory propounded by Mr. Darwin—I mean that which he propounded, not that which has been reported to be his by too many ill-instructed, both friends and foes—has never yet been shown to be inconsistent with any positive observations; and if I may use a phrase which I know has been objected to, and which I use in a totally different sense from that in which it was first proposed by its first propounder, I do believe that on all grounds of pure science it 'holds the field' as the only hypothesis at present before us which has a sound scientific foundation."

There is no mistaking the meaning of these words or of his arraignment of the methods of the younger naturalists: "I do not know, I do not think anybody knows, whether the particular views which Darwin held will be fortified by the experience of the ages which come after us. But of this thing I am perfectly certain, that the present state of things has resulted from the feeling of the smaller men who have followed him that they are incompetent to bend the bow of Ulysses, and in consequence many of them are preferring to employ the air-gun of mere speculation." In his concluding remarks to the presentation of the Darwin medal to Mr. Huxley, Lord Kelvin, President of the Royal Society, significantly stated: "We may well be glad that the advocate of the 'Origin of Species by Natural Selection,' who once bore down its foes, is still among us, ready, if needs be, to 'save it from its friends.'"

—Among the belated transatlantic illustrated books of the holiday season, the first place may be given, on account of the reputation of the artist, to the 'Faerie Queene,' with illustrations by Walter Crane, issued in numbers by George Allen, London (New York: Macmillan). Number 1 contains the first four cantos of the first book, and is ornamented with four full-page drawings and ten head and tail pieces, and about this proportion is intended to hold throughout. The designs are not of Mr. Crane's best. His mannerisms seem to grow upon him and his grace to decrease. He is always best in pure outline, and these drawings are overloaded with small fussy touches, and are consequently too gray and weak in effect. Some of his ornament seems slovenly and perfunctory, but the ornamental borders are what is best in the work. Very different are the cleverly realistic sketches, one hundred in number, with which Mr. Charles E. Brock has illuminated the pages of our old friend 'Gulliver' (Macmillan). In the first two parts especially, the sense of scale is admirably given by the artist. The text is printed with the old spelling and capitalization, but has been, though it is nowhere so stated, discreetly expurgated for the use of juvenile readers. Mr. Laurence Housman's illustrations to Jane Barlow's 'End of Elfintown,' also published by Macmillan, show a quaint fancy and considerable skill in draughtsmanship, but are often very confused and crowded in composition. The decorative title-page is very clever and the best thing in the book. Lastly we will note the amateurish but pretty drawings by Emily J. Harding for Alma Strettell's 'Lullabies of Many Lands' (London: George Allen; New York: Macmillan).

MORE FICTION.

The Honorable Peter Stirling, and What People Thought of Him. By Paul Leicester Ford. Henry Holt & Co.

Elder Conklin, and Other Stories. By Frank Harris. Macmillan & Co.

The Story of Rodman Heath; or, Mugwumps. By One of Them. Boston: Arena Publishing Co.

Cœur d'Alene. By Mary Hallock Foote. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

David Pannell. By Mrs. Alfred Marks (Mary A. M. Hoppus). London: Hutchinson & Co.

Round the Red Lamp. By A. Conan Doyle. D. Appleton & Co.

The Lilac Sun-Bonnet. By S. R. Crockett. D. Appleton & Co.

NONE of the anomalies and mysteries of republican government is quite so hideous and inexplicable to the inquiring child of a monarchy as the proud position of the political boss. The Constitution does not recognize him, the laws make no provision for him (any humble citizen may be more easily put in jail); nobody admits that he needs him and few say that they admire him, yet he continues to flourish, apparently self-elected and self-propagating. Vainly has the press striven to explain, to exterminate, or to justify—the fundamental puzzle of his existence remains unsolved. It is surprising that the novelists (who know everything) have so long ignored him, and gratifying that at last one has shouldered responsibility and vindicated the omniscience of his class by throwing floods of light on the *raison d'être*, origin, and methods of the dark figure that directs the destinies of our cities.

The Honorable Peter Stirling is not a typical boss. Judged by the knowledge of the genus derived from its works, his character is far more ideal than real, but it is so strongly imagined and logically drawn that it satisfies the demand for the appearance of truth in art. This pleasant illusion owes much to selection of telling scenes and incidents and to descriptions of political organization, all of which are literal transcripts of life and fact—not dry irrelevancies, thrown in by way of imparting information, but lively detail, needful for a clear understanding of Stirling's progress from the humble chairmanship of a primary to the dictator's throne. The inference from his character and career is not that a boss is a vital necessity, but that he is more than an accident in a great democracy, and that, given a few Stirlings to compete against many Maguires, the name boss and the thing might lose an opprobrious significance.

In the use of dramatic possibilities Mr. Ford is discreet and natural, and, without giving Stirling a heroic pose, manages to win for him very hearty sympathy and belief. Stirling's private and domestic story is well knit with that of his public adventures. Some chapters of his social experiences and love-making could be spared. They are not needed to complete his presentation, and add nothing to the fiction entirely devoted to such topics. The moral of his love affairs seems to be that man adores only his ideal, and that if he manage to marry the daughter of his first love, he may be reasonably safe from danger of falling in love with her granddaughter.

Style, except in rare instances of genius, is probably one of many expressions of long-transmitted familiarity with grace and beauty and restful dignity, and we regret that an American novel showing intellectual force and considerable technical skill should also indicate our slowness of movement towards things that make life lovely; should, indeed, suggest that we are still somewhat imperfect in our grammar, and believe in such a dreadful word as "escortage." Mr. Ford is pleasingly shy of the adjective and quite above fine writing, but he is addicted to, at times abandoned to, the staccato note. This is a genuine American note, and must be infinitely softened before such a very good novel as 'The Honorable Peter Stirling' can also take rank as good literature.

In Mr. Harris's volume of short stories entitled 'Elder Conklin,' the sketch "Gulmore the Boss" is a very probable representation of the mischievous creature with the results of whose machinations we are painfully familiar. Still, he might have been drawn from hearsay or newspaper reports; there is no evidence that he was confronted in his den and studied from the life. The ingenuousness of Prof. Roberts, who undertakes to rout Gulmore and his gang, is surprising, but not unprecedented, and the characteristic means employed by Gulmore to teach the professor a lesson in practical politics, incidentally including points on human nature, suggest many actual parallels. Undoubtedly bad bosses could never be got rid of if the task were wholly relegated to gentlemen armed only with a knowledge of the classics and with good intentions.

The rest of Mr. Harris's stories conjure up horrid images of society in the State of Kansas. It is as if all the desperadoes of the West had been gathered together for a dance from which only one escaped to tell the tale. We fear that Mr. Harris lent too credulous an ear, sadly misunderstood the humor of that sole survivor of a Kansas holiday, and very grossly mistook his crude attempt to convey an impression of the unconventional fascinations of the prairie maiden. Mr. Harris has added to the probably natural rudeness and vulgarity of an Ida Gulmore or Loo Conklin an unblushing sensuality which no competent critic, however hostile, has ever before attributed to otherwise similar characters. Mrs. Hooper, in "A Modern Idyll," is even more objectionable, and, in view of the conditions assumed, more absurd. So repulsive a pair as she and her lover, the Rev. John Letgood, rarely appear in print. The excuse which narrators of such modern idyls make to themselves is very well known, and it is always based on the conviction that they have perfectly performed an imperative duty to render in fiction the basest facts of life and the most revolting possibilities of character. Mr. Harris's strenuous effort to fulfil this duty fails ludicrously, and that is the reason why his story is not so bad as it might be.

The political independents whose collective name, "Mugwumps," has been given to an anonymous novel, may pray to be saved from their friends. The Mugwump who writes 'The Story of Rodman Heath' has tried to spice a dish of political instruction with extravagantly romantic incident, and made a really dreadful mess of it. "Mugwumps," says Mr. Harris's Boss Gulmore, "is them that thinks themselves too hifalutin to work with either party, jest as if organization was no good, an' a mob was as strong as an army." Mugwumps, seems to say our anonymous author, are Democrats or Republicans long and unconsciously compelled to dwell in darkness by the depression of a minute portion of the skull, delivered and led into light by the surgeon's trephine. Votes may be won in future not by coarsely tendering a five-dollar note, or by the slow process of rational argument, but by persuading a man that his skull should be lifted and hustling him off to a surgeon. If such a generalization

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from the special case of Rodman Heath be practicable, surgeons at least will have no reason to complain of revolutionary tactics. The author has much to learn about vigorous expression of honest political opinions, and everything about the construction of a readable story.

The strength of Mrs. Foote's arraignment of labor unions, in 'Cœur d'Alene' is marred by its bitterness. A few bad men may be responsible for strikes that lead to riot and murder, but that is too small a nutshell to accommodate the whole labor question. When protective unions become offensive, the bold, bad spirits are supported by the timid and hopeless, and any presentation even of a single instance of union aggression that ignores the factor of carefully nourished discontent, appears to be partisan and unfair. The novelist who cannot handle such a subject very candidly and broadly had perhaps better let it alone. Mrs. Foote has, however, given the under dog, the "scab," the full benefit of ardent sympathy with his wrongs and of dramatic features in outrages inflicted on him. The serious labor troubles at the Cœur d'Alene mines lose actual and literary value by subordination to a tiresome love story, and the horror of the Mission massacre of "scabs" is belittled by the intrusion of Miss Bingham's fussing over her unheroic lover. Mrs. Foote has generally a very pretty notion of a lover; but in this instance she appears to have forgotten that, while daring in love, Lochinvar must also be dauntless in war.

A few years ago every one who wrote at all had a go at psychic analysis. Whether the public declined to endure so much dulness, or whether authors found its perpetration too tedious, we know not; at all events, specimens now appear only at rare intervals. It is to be hoped that they may henceforth be restricted to novelists whose ability for revealing the secrets of the soul is equal to that of Mrs. Marks. David Pannell, whose conscience she turns inside out, is a subtle and slippery person. To do him justice, showing the right kind and degree of mercy is an enterprise calling for very great confidence in the keenness and delicacy of one's intuitions. The theft of the Giant's Robe is a favorite incident in fiction, and has been used with good effect, but always more coarsely than by Mrs. Marks. Every one interested, except the blunt Briton, George Travers, is horribly confused about whether Pannell really meant to take the credit of his dead friend's work or not; and Pannell, having declined to accept all the profit to be derived from imputed genius, believes himself a perfectly upright and much injured man. The judgment of the reader is, however, clear and prompt, and it is formed unconsciously under the guidance of the author's fine morality. With an artistic avoidance of deliberate moral intention, she manages to make one ashamed to own that he could temporize with truth or hide dishonorable intention by accumulated evidence of actual honesty. Mrs. Marks digresses enough from the study of Pannell to give movement and diversity of character, yet properly concentrates interest on the elastic, accommodating conscience. The action is rather awkwardly broken by the late introduction of Dorrington, an indispensable figure indeed, but dead before the story begins. This slight defect in construction is the only noticeable fault in a very clever book, of which the style is as smooth and pleasant as the thought is straight and comprehensive.

Before reading Mr. Doyle's 'Round the Red Lamp,' the wonder is, "Why so much apology?" and afterwards, "Why not more?" For the presence of several disgusting leaves from a doctor's note-books in a volume of tales no apology suffices. It appears from the preface that some kindly friend had been trying to dissuade Mr. Doyle from publishing "stories which attempt to treat some features of medical life with a certain amount of realism," and that Mr. Doyle yielded to his intercession so far as to reserve a "few stories in this little collection" from serial publication. Having appeased the friend, Mr. Doyle goes on gallantly to throw responsibility for his bare, inartistic statement of loathsome facts on the admiring public that wishes to buy his latest book, saying that the reader can see that the stories are medical and can skip them. Why the reader should not be able to see that in a magazine as well as in a book, he does not explain. The mind, conscious of wrong, sometimes betrays its possessor into folly. Nothing could be more childish than Mr. Doyle's defence. "It is the province of fiction," he says pompously, "to treat painful things as well as cheerful ones." Who ever suspected it wasn't? Who ever said that fiction should be consecrated to the clown and the merry jester?

> "Twist ye, twine ye, even so
> Mingle human joy and woe."

Fiction, Mr. Doyle may be surprised to learn, is almost as old as human life, which has ever been its model and source of inspiration. But fiction is an art, and it is the privilege of the artist's public (if he be wanting in discrimination and taste) to limit his selection of material and to let him know when he has made a mistake. By substituting loathsome for Mr. Doyle's "painful" (which seems to give his remarks more vigor), we specify one of the things which it is the province of fiction either not to treat at all or to treat with such imaginative force that the only mental image excited shall not be ghastly or the only emotion unmitigated repulsion. The greater number of the "facts and fancies of medical life" show so little imagination that it is best to think of all as facts and save Mr. Doyle's reputation as a writer of fiction. Many of the facts are of a kind hitherto enshrined in medical books and not easily accessible to the public. Thousands of people have lived long, useful, and happy lives in total ignorance of such facts, and the triumph of Mr. Doyle and like-minded writers will not be to extend the length and the usefulness of thousands more, but very seriously to impair the happiness. The stories in the volume that are really stories are insignificant, excepting "A Straggler of '15," who is much to be condoled with for having straggled into such objectionable company.

'The Lilac Sunbonnet' is far too long. Joys and afflictions attending love's young dream pall with repetition that lacks variety. The plot draws heavily on stock characters and incidents, including an aristocratic villain pursuing the heroine, a wicked maid-servant intriguing against her, a long-armed idiot providentially succoring her in distress, and one of those curious complications involving one's father and mother in obscurity, impenetrable by the child, which appear to have an undying charm for novelists. Fragments of the love story are sweet and poetical, but the author is at his best only in the concluding chapters, when Gilbert Peden and Allan Welsh solemnly depose each other from the ministry, thus depriving the Marrow kirk of its only surviving leaders, and John Bairdieson runs out from the vestry crying, "There's nae kirk o' God in puir Scotland ony mair!" In this scene comedy treads close on tragedy, and the balance of sentiment is very delicately adjusted.

A SPANISH-AMERICAN ANTHOLOGY.—II.

Antología de Poetas Hispano-Americanos. Publicada por la Real Academia Española. Tomo I., México y América Central; Tomo II., Cuba, Santo Domingo, Puerto Rico, Venezuela; Tomo III., Colombia, Ecuador, Perú, Bolivia. Madrid. 1893-'94.

THE sixteenth century was for Spanish America a period not merely of conquest and of colonial extension, but also of civil organization and of educational and literary inceptions. Incited by the writers and scholars who came in such numbers from the mother country, the new generations of native-born Americans speedily began to express themselves in literature. Their first efforts were greeted with applause by the best wits of Spain. The reader of Lope de Vega and Cervantes will remember, in the 'Laurel de Apolo' of the former, and in the 'Canto de Calíope' and the 'Viaje del Parnaso' of the latter, warm praise of more than one poet and even poetess of the "antarctic region," as it was the fashion to call it. Unfortunately, little is left us of the work of these geniuses; and what has come down to us of the native American poetry of the time does not often strike us as either very original or very beautiful. Unfortunately, also, the very rapidity with which the literary movements of Old Spain were felt in the New, began soon to be a certain disadvantage to the latter. As is well known, the great literary period of Spain in the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century was followed close by the corruption of taste called Culteranism, or Gongorism. The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were, as a consequence, no less remarkable for literary than for political deterioration in the Peninsula. In Spanish America this condition of things is only too faithfully reflected, and the growing abundance of verses means in the main but greater weariness for the reader.

Even these years, however, are not totally devoid of names of interest. Perhaps the most interesting of all is that of a woman, the Mexican nun Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz. In her we have a great writer, one of the greatest of her sex in Spanish letters. Lest this seem exaggerated praise, we shall venture to dwell for a moment on her and her work. Born in 1651, Sor Juana passed her youth amidst the splendors of the viceregal court of Mexico. Of remarkable beauty and great charm, she was flattered, loved, and sought by all. But, vehement by nature and passionately eager to satisfy the imperious needs of her nature, she was not content with the life of mere society, but, in spite of many obstacles, plunged into all the science and learning of her time. Like certain Italian women of the Renaissance, Cassandra Fedele or Vittoria Colonna, she liked best to consort with scholars; and already at the age of seventeen she had undergone a public examination before forty professors of all the faculties, filling them with amazement at her attainments. But she was not merely a student, she was also a woman—a woman, however, with the independent and wilful personality we first find in the Renaissance. As a woman she loved, and passionately; but, as a perfected individuality, she did not keep her love for him who should first seek her. She bestowed it where she

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would, and, like many another of her type, on one who could give her no return. Hence trouble, despair, passionate regrets, and in the end retreat to the cloister. Sor Juana would not, simply because she suffered, stand apart from a large group of her sex; but she does stand apart, or at least among the few, in that she was able with power and truth and entire dignity to put this all down in her verse. Much that she wrote is disfigured by the tortured and emphatic mannerisms of her time; but much also conveys the emotions, the experiences, and the reflections of her overfull life with such directness and precision as it is not given many even of the excellent poets to attain.

In spite of Sor Juana and a few other poets whose Castilian or Latin verse rises above mediocrity, we are justified in passing over with little attention the literary history of Spanish America in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It was a time when, as Señor Menéndez y Pelayo wittily remarks, everything was taught in the universities except good taste. As the eighteenth century advances, however, we begin to see there, just as in contemporary Europe, the signs of a coming change. Numerous traces are to be found of an early influence on the one hand of the Encyclopædists, and on the other of Rousseau. More important still was a remarkable revival of interest in the physical sciences. This shows itself particularly in Venezuela, Colombia, and Ecuador. The starting-point of this revival seems to have been the scientific expedition of José Celestino Mutis in 1760—that Gaditanian botanist whom Linnæus called "nomen immortale quod nulla ætas unquam delebit." In 1762 Mutis established a chair of mathematics and astronomy, as well as an observatory, in Bogotá; and there he trained a whole generation of men whose names are honorable in the history of science. Among these were Zea (later director of the Botanic Gardens of Madrid), Duquesne, Restrepo, Ulloa, and, most important of all, Francisco José de Caldas, whose labors as botanist, geologist, physicist, and astronomer show real genius. The influence of this school was wide and very salutary; and the esteem in which it was held was much increased by a later event that profoundly affected the intellectual ideals of the Spanish Americans—namely, the famous scientific expedition undertaken in 1799-1804 by Humboldt and Bonpland. The world at large knows of this expedition chiefly through the stimulus to science given by the publication of the results of it; but the student of South American culture is even more impressed by the effect of association with these men upon the noblest spirits of the southern half of the New World.

The result of these tendencies was a growing independence and maturity of intelligence among the Spanish Americans. This made them all the readier to feel the wave of political agitation that swept over the civilized world as a result first of the American and then of the French Revolution. It was no accident that this agitation first led to action in the northwestern corner of South America, and that the greatest of all the leaders in the Spanish-American War of Independence, Simón Bolívar, was a Venezuelan. On the same side and at first from the same region were almost all the new scientists, scholars, and poets. For real scholars and poets, besides scientists, there now began to be once more in Spanish America; nor, in spite of the wars, revolutions, and civil discords that too much disfigure the history of our century, has the line of them been broken down to the present day.

The first group of these new writers, as was to be expected, gave expression to the revolutionary passion that preceded and led up to the independence of the Spanish-American States. To it belong several important names; but the greatest of all, and indeed one of the three or four greatest in South American letters, is that of the Ecuadorian Olmedo, to whom his compatriots have not hesitated to give the title of the "American Pindar." Here there is perhaps something of *l'emphase espagnole*, as the French call it; yet it cannot be denied that in Olmedo's famous ode to Bolívar ("*La Victoria de Junín*") there is a magnificence of rhetoric, idealizing and exalting a great national event, such as only a small band of poets (and Pindar among them) have been able to command. Far inferior, however, are the too often truculent verses of another member of the group, the Colombian doctor José Fernández Madrid.

The early nineteenth century was for the Spanish Americans not only a time of political passion and effort, but also a period of renewed susceptibility to European thought and art. Accordingly we speedily find representatives of all the chief tendencies that appear in the poetry of the Old World. Romanticism in its various forms creeps in—now sceptical and Byronic, now sentimental, now religious. Of the first of these attitudes the best exponent is the Guatemalan José de Batres y Montúfar—one of the most skilful masters in Castilian of that scornful style employed by Byron when, as Arnold said, he "waged against the conservation of the old impossible world so fiery battle." Only in Batres there is more of the delicate artist than of the passionate, suffering man. Melancholy sentiment, on the other hand, with some admixture of Byronic egotism, found utterance in the verse of the Cuban José María Heredia, a profounder poet, if less perfect workman, than his namesake and kinsman, the recently elected French academician. We might well be proud if we had in our own literature anything approaching Heredia's "Ode to Niagara," a fruit of his brief residence in the United States. Nor, speaking of him, can we pass in silence the name of another Cuban, this time a woman and Heredia's friend—Doña Gertrudis Gómez de Avellaneda. Although the greater part of her productive life was spent in Spain, Cuba has still reason to be proud of being the home of a poetess whom D. Juan Valera has called the "chief of all the persons of her sex who have touched the Castilian lyre, whether in this or in past centuries."

Such are the chief representatives in Spanish America of those tendencies we chiefly think of as Romantic. Of that other tendency, really just as Romantic, to renew and reaffirm religious faith—the tendency which in Europe gave rise later to Neo-Catholicism, so called—we find also abundant expression in South American letters. Here, as we should expect, we find the influence of Chateaubriand and Lamartine to have been great, though there is much also that is essentially Spanish, and much that is peculiar to individual poets. Among these the foremost are the Mexicans Pesado and Carpio, and the Colombians Eusebio Caro and Julio Arboleda. The two last, especially, patriots and soldiers as well as poets, show us reactionary Romanticism in action, ready to accept exile and even death.

There remains one name still to mention, and that indubitably the greatest in the history of Spanish-American literature, Andrés Bello. We have reserved it to the last, because in him is to be seen the ripe fruit of all these influences and tendencies, besides much that is original and peculiar to himself. Born in 1781 at Carácas, Bello studied in the university of his native city and then devoted himself to teaching, having among his pupils Bolívar. When Humboldt arrived in Venezuela, Bello was one of the first to become intimate with him, and accompanied him on several of his expeditions. A little latter we find him in governmental employment, but on the outbreak of the War of Independence he ranged himself among the patriots, by the side of his own former pupil. Not long after, Bolívar intrusted him with the delicate task of representing the insurgents in England and of raising money for them there. So began a long exile, extending from 1810 to 1829, during which he suffered many hardships, but also, on the other hand, came into intimate association with men like Lord Holland, James Mill, and Blanco White. In 1829 Chile offered him a post of influence, which he accepted; and the rest of his life is inseparably connected with that republic. He became for it what Villani says Brunetto Latini was for Florence, "cominciatore e maestro in digrossare i Fiorentini, e fargli scorti in bene parlare, e in sapere guidare e reggere la nostra republica secondo la politica." His labors to this end are almost incredible for their variety and excellence. Every portion of the life of Chile felt his inspiring influence. It was he who founded the University of Santiago and was its first rector. It was he who prepared the draft of the great civil code, which was enacted into law in 1855. As a teacher, he worked for the intellectual and literary improvement of the country—preparing treatises on the grammar of Castilian (the best hitherto made), on rhetoric, on literary history, on philology, on philosophy. As a statesman, he endeavored to increase the knowledge and respect of the Chileans for law; and so deeply did he go into questions of international law that he became an authority of world-wide repute. And yet, in spite of these enormous labors, he was also, perhaps mainly, a poet—recognized even by the critics of the Peninsula as one of the greatest modern masters of Castilian and one of the most excellent poets in that tongue. Deeply versed in the classics, acquainted with every period of Spanish poetry, widely read in the literatures of all Europe, a participator in the heroic struggle of his native land, looking hopefully yet anxiously forward to the future of that land, he united in his poetical work remarkable perfection of style and form, great wisdom, and profound patriotic emotion. It is not to be wondered at that he should be looked up to with reverence by all Spanish America, that statues should be erected to him, that an extensive literature should have begun to form itself about him. On the whole, it is safe to say that he is the greatest man of letters that has yet been born on American soil.

We cannot discuss the literary movements or the names that have appeared in Spanish America since the great Romantic and revolutionary generation passed off the scene. There is much of great interest here, as the readers of Señor Menéndez y Pelayo's pages will see. We can only hope that there will be many such readers in this country. The subject deserves it, and the treatment is worthy of the subject.

INDIAN PICTURE-WRITING.

Picture-Writing of the American Indians. By Garrick Mallery. [Extract from the Tenth Annual Report of the Bureau of

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Ethnology.] 8vo, pp. 822, with 54 plates, some of them in colors, and 1,290 illustrations in the text. Washington. 1894.

WHETHER we regard this volume as illustrative merely of a certain phase of artistic development, or whether we look upon it as a record in pictographic language of ideas and scenes in Indian life, it will be found to be worthy of the place it holds among the publications of the Bureau of Ethnology; and this, we may remark in passing, is no small praise. Roughly speaking, the volume may be divided into petroglyphs, or inscriptions carved or painted, or carved *and* painted, upon rocks that are either in place or are of such a size as to justify the inference that they are in the same position they were in when the pictures were made; and second, pictographs, or pictures made upon the human body by tattooing, scarification, etc.; upon natural objects other than the human body, as, *e. g.*, stone, bone, wood, skins, shells, copper, etc., etc.; and finally upon artificial objects like pottery, cloth, and other fictile and textile fabrics.

Of the first of these general divisions, or carvings upon rocks, it may be said that they are scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land, and are to be found wherever there was a suitable outcrop of rock and the surroundings were such as to attract and delay the Indian. They may be mere *graffiti*—the product of an idle hour—or they may refer to a myth or religious practice, or to some incident connected with the daily life of the author; and while they may and probably do show the stage of progress he had reached along this particular line, as they certainly do indicate the subject in which he was, for the time being, interested, yet (pp. 27, 774) they have not been found to be possessed of any great amount of historic value. Even when intended to commemorate events, they usually refer to some insignificant affair, interesting from a local or personal point of view, but of no use as history. The hope (pp. 35, 772), once entertained, that they would tell us of extinct or emigrated peoples, and thus, perhaps, furnish a foundation for the theory about a "mythical tribe of mound-builders," might as well be abandoned, for (p. 771) "rock characters, studied independently, will not give much primary information about customs and concepts," though they may and do "corroborate what has been obtained by other modes of investigation." In other words, we must know all about the people who made the petroglyphs in order to understand their work; and this can seldom be done.

Not so, however, in regard to ordinary pictographs, or pictures made upon bark, skins, etc., etc., by our American Indians. Like gesture-language, this method of recording facts and even (p. 584) abstract ideas is still in use, and instances are more or less common (p. 28) in which it has furnished "information and verification as to points of tribal history, religion, customs, and other ethnographic details." Unlike the rock carvings, the more recent among these records are said to be relatively of easy interpretation, though there are occasions—and unfortunately they are somewhat numerous—when the picture is used as a symbol or reminder (p. 232, etc.), and is, of course, unintelligible to any one not familiar with the story. The fact, too, that in limited areas (p. 772) "diverse significance is attached to the same figure, and differing figures are made to express the same concept," may add to the difficulty of the situation. In all such cases, it is the part of wisdom not to trust too much to our knowledge of Indian life and character, necessary as this is admitted (p. 771) to be to an understanding of their drawings; neither should we put implicit faith in any theory of interpretation, but we ought to summon the adepts in this manner of writing from among the members of the tribe, and look to them for an explanation of the record.

Of the advantage, or rather of the necessity, of this mode of procedure examples may be found (pp. 266, 287, 568, etc., etc.) in the winter counts of the Dakotas; and aside from this circumstance we call attention to these particular records not on account of the skill with which the figures are drawn, nor because of the value of the facts, but for the reason that, so far as we know, they are the first and (except, perhaps, the Walam Olum of the Delawares) the only attempt ever made by any of our Indians at formulating a chronological table. Moreover, with due deference to our author, there are grounds for believing that the idea upon which this calendar was based was borrowed from the whites. Bearing upon this point is the fact that, in characterizing the passing year by some event of local or tribal importance—as, for example, the year "when many died of the smallpox," or "when the stars fell"—and not by its date in the Christian or some other era, the Dakotas were but following the method that was in use ('Missouri,' in "American Commonwealths" series, pp. 51, 55, 56) among the early French settlers of St. Louis. Of itself this coincidence tells us nothing; but if we add that, so far from being common to our Indians, a calendar constructed in this fashion was peculiar (pp. 267, 268) to the Dakotas, and, furthermore, that it was not employed by them until towards the close of the last century—at or about the time that the traders from St. Louis began to frequent the tribe—it will be seen that a plausible case can be made out in favor of our contention. However, be this as it may, it is not a point upon which we care to insist, for even if it be admitted that the Indians borrowed the idea, it will not detract from the importance of the records considered as art or history. In either event, the choice of facts and the method of recording them are unmistakably Indian.

In addition to the winter counts, of which nine are known to be in existence, there are hundreds of other records in which the possibilities of this manner of writing, used as a means of intercommunication, may be studied to advantage. Without stopping to particularize, it may be said that in some one of them almost every thought and action common to the Indian is here represented. Religious ideas and practices, individual and tribal designations, manners and customs, historic events, etc., are all portrayed with more or less aptness and precision, and in a way that shows how near akin, in its results, this manner of writing is to our own. Of the immense labor expended in the preparation of this volume, of the value of the facts collected and their bearing upon the problem of Indian civilization, we have not the space to speak. Suffice it to say that among the whole 800 pages of the volume there are but few that are not replete with information and will not repay a careful study.

In this connection it may not be out of place to express the regret which all ethnologists must feel at the death of Colonel Mallery a few weeks ago. It is to be hoped that his mantle will fall upon a worthy disciple, and that the work which he left unfinished will be taken up and carried to a successful conclusion. Especially is this true of the pictographic account given by Red Horse of the battle in which Custer and most of his men were killed. It is here translated into simple English, but we are promised (p. 563) the story told in gesture language; and it is to this that we now look forward as the last work of one who deserved well of all who are interested in ethnology.

History of the United States Navy from 1775 *to* 1893. By Edgar Stanton Maclay, A.M. Vol. II. D. Appleton & Co. 1894.

THE second volume of this History of the Navy, beginning with the closing year of the second war with Great Britain, is brought down to the present time. The general fault which we found with the initial volume, namely, its want of proportion and perspective, is still further emphasized in the conclusion of the work; for whereas the first volume relates the history of the navy from 1775 to 1814, the second embraces not only an important part of the war of 1812, and the Mexican war, but the civil war, during which the navy attained a size and its operations a magnitude without example in its past. Only a little more than one-fourth of the entire work is allotted to this period, so that Mr. Maclay's text is in many places reduced to a mere chronicle, or at best to a bald narrative. Even here symmetry and proportion are lost, and much space is given to minor operations, like the sounding and buoying of channels in the earlier days of the war, or the breakfast offered by Jowett after the battle of Mobile Bay, while comparatively little space is allowed to the long-continued combined operations before Charleston—operations which have attracted the attention of students of naval and military history in all civilized countries, and which called forth one of the most noteworthy defences against maritime siege which the world has ever seen. A show of accuracy is made in the second volume by printing in full the names of a number of persons mentioned; but a closer examination reveals a great many omissions and errors—commanding officers unrecorded whose vessels are mentioned, and not a few names set down incorrectly. There was, for instance, no "Rear-Admiral" P. G. Watmough in the Navy, and such prominent names in our latter-day naval history as James Russel Soley and Capt A. T. Mahan are inexcusably disfigured.

The closing year of the war of 1812 found nearly a hundred British line-of-battleships and frigates on the coast of the United States, and as a consequence operations at sea on our part were very limited in extent, since our cruisers could only with great difficulty evade the blockade, and even privateers found it almost impossible to send in their prizes and secure the reward without which privateering languished. The three important events with which this war with Great Britain terminated were Macdonough's victory on Lake Champlain, the capture by Stewart, in the *Constitution*, of the *Cyane* and the *Levant*, and the loss of the *President* while attempting to escape through the British blockade off the port of New York. By far the most important and creditable of these events was the victory on Lake Champlain off Plattsburg, partly by reason of the brilliancy of the success of this hard-fought action and the great skill, courage, and endurance shown by Macdonough and his subordinates, to whom the greatest praise should be given; and partly for the results, which may be summed up as the abandonment of the projected invasion along the line of the almost uninterrupted waterway reaching from Montreal to New York city, the loss of the command of Lake Champlain, and

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the prevention of the isolation of the New England States from the rest of the Union.

After the war with Great Britain was over, came the operations in the Mediterranean against Algiers, and in the West Indies for the suppression of piracy. Mr. Maclay has a chapter also upon the attack upon the Malaysian town of Qualla Battoo, an almost forgotten episode in the history of our navy. The part taken by the navy in the conquest of California during the Mexican war is fully exhibited, as well as the less eventful and important operations in the Gulf of Mexico and on the Pacific coast of Mexico. Following this comes a narrative of Perry's expedition to Japan, and then we arrive at the outbreak of the civil war.

The introductory chapter discusses the events immediately preceding and at the beginning of hostilities. Several errors are to be noted here in regard to the naval force: for instance, the wooden vessels known as the "ninety-day gunboats," although carrying a heavy battery for their tonnage, were not iron-plated. Extravagant is the statement that at the close of the war the United States held the position of the most powerful maritime nation in the world. Although the navy was vastly increased in vessels and in personnel, many of the vessels were unfitted for deep-sea work and for contending with vessels of other navies. Neither the tonnage of our mercantile marine, greatly reduced for want of adequate naval protection, nor the fighting strength of our navy, justifies the author's pretension. Fortunate it was for us that our long line of blockade was not subject to external attack from any foreign navy or from any foreign-built armored vessels carrying the flag of the Confederates.

The successful assaults upon the forts at Hatteras Inlet and Port Royal, and the operations in Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds, including the capture of Roanoke Island, are narrated in the succeeding chapters. Then follows a full and graphic account of the attack of the *Merrimac* on the anchored fleet in Hampton Roads and at Newport News, the destruction of the *Cumberland* and the *Congress*, and the subsequent action between the *Merrimac* and the newly arrived *Monitor*. So far as the fight itself was concerned, this last may be called a drawn battle, but it was in moral effect a victory for the Union navy, and a relief to the fleet in Northern ports and on the Southern blockade of a magnitude no longer realized. The necessity of providing for a Mississippi flowing "unvexed to the sea" was early recognized by the national authorities and the leaders of both the army and the navy, and the operations of the navy under Foote and at a later date under Davis and Porter receive considerable attention from our author, yet, so great was the need of condensation, less than the subject merits. Justice is done to the passage of the forts below New Orleans by Farragut, and the naval hero of the war is presented to us in the unaffected strength of his character. Ample justice is done to the fight in Mobile Bay. We especially commend the description of the stoppage of the *Brooklyn* and the column under the fire of the fort. In our opinion this is the best descriptive section of the book, and the most truthful account of a much-disputed phase of the passage of the Mobile forts. Here the author faces the subject properly, without gliding over it as he does over other controverted topics, such as the events that led to the overslaughing of Erben, the relief of Craven, the summary dismissal of Preble, the removal of Du Pont, the trial of Parker of the *Onondaga*, and the lifelong wrangle between Admiral Porter and Gen. Butler. On the whole, he leaves us unsatisfied, and, not forgetting the histories of Porter and Boynton, we feel that the history of the navy during the civil war has yet to be written.

The last portion of Mr. Maclay's present volume deals with the navy of to-day, and gets at once chronologically out of joint by describing such incidents as the Koszta affair, the attack upon the Chinese forts in 1856, and the Formosan and Corean expeditions. Even the mutiny of the *Somers* is referred to in this part of the volume with the mistaken statement that young Spencer was on board as an apprentice. Though most arctic expeditions are enumerated, no mention is made of the *Jeannette* expedition and of the touching and heroic death of De Long; and no reference to the successful relief of Greely by the expedition under the command of Schley.

It is not likely that another continuous history of the navy will be written for very many years, if at all, and it is to be hoped that this History, which supplies, though imperfectly, a distinct want, will be subject in the near future to a thorough revision. We observe that even the descriptions of vessels just tried and not yet departed upon foreign cruises contain unpardonable errors.

William Shakspere: A Study in Elizabethan Literature. By Barrett Wendell, Assistant Professor of English at Harvard College. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1894. Pp. 439.

On the first glance at the cover of this book, one is struck by the audacity of the title. New books on Shakspere usually are either introduced apologetically, or, what is worse, are thinly disguised by some euphuistic title that purposely fails to give a correct expression of the contents. Mr. Wendell, at any rate, is to be commended for both frankness and courage: he means to write about Shakspere, and therefore he calls his book by its proper name.

We may say at once that in the way of facts, dates, or additions to exact knowledge, there is here absolutely nothing that is new. Nor does the author make any such claim. In the first sentence he says: "The purpose of this study is to present a coherent view of the generally accepted facts concerning the life and the work of Shakspere." Were this all, the book would certainly have no reason for existence. But in the second sentence we read: "Its object, the common one of serious criticism, is so to increase our sympathetic knowledge of what we study that we may enjoy it with fresh intelligence and appreciation." Manifestly, therefore, the sole value of the book depends not upon the author's acquisitions as a scholar, but upon his penetration as a critic.

The method pursued is quite simple, and easy to follow—so clear and simple, in fact, that, in spite of the writer's vivacity, one feels at times a certain monotony of treatment. First, the known facts of Shakspere's life are given; then a very brief sketch of the Elizabethan drama up to 1587; the bulk of the work is taken up with literary criticism on each of Shakspere's productions in the generally accepted chronological order; an excellent summary concludes. To students of Shakspere there is much, even in the æsthetic criticism, that is now quite familiar; and yet the justification of the book appears not only in fresh and vivid restatements of well-known views, but in occasional entirely original discussions, with much fruitful suggestiveness concerning not only Shakspere, but literature, art, and life. Even when one violently disagrees with the author, one is almost sure to learn something; which is perhaps the highest tribute that can be paid to the professional teacher. Mr. Wendell's decided preference for "Twelfth Night" as compared with "As You Like It"; his belief that the Sonnets must have seemed to Shakspere "more important and valuable than his plays" (p. 224), and that the underlying mood of Julius Cæsar is "unpassionately ironical" (p. 243)—these and countless other statements will affect various readers in various ways. It is idle to defend or to combat such views.

The book suffers a little from a trait noticeable in some other writings of this author—an irrepressible fondness for paradox. Perhaps it is necessary nowadays to talk about Shakspere paradoxically, if one expects to receive any attention; but paradox too often passes for originality. For example, Mr. Wendell makes the point that on the Elizabethan stage madness was meant to be comic, as drunkenness often is to-day. No doubt this was occasionally true; but how many readers will agree with this statement (p. 295)? "Only when we understand that *King Lear*, for all his marvellous pathos, was meant, in scene after scene, to impress an audience as comic, can we begin to understand the theatrical intention of Shakspere's tragedy." How about *Ophelia?*

A few of the most valuable points brought out in the book are the comparison of "Venus and Adonis" with "Hero and Leander," and the subsequent inference that to Shakspere more than to any other English writer "words and thoughts seemed naturally identical" (p. 65); the explanation of the popularity of puns, artificial phrases, and euphuism on the stage, which Mr. Wendell says appealed to the audience in the same manner that catchy tunes in comic operas affect people at present; the discussion of the preponderance of the intellectual over the emotional in "Coriolanus," a play which "is such work as an artist, with what seems perversity, is apt to deem his best" (p. 342); and the constant insistence that Shakspere's development was artistic rather than personal.

Interesting as the book is even to special students, its chief value, we think, will appear if it is used as an introduction to the study of Shakspere. We are pleased to find in it none of the absurdities of the "inductive" school of criticism, which makes what should be a literary work seem like a text-book on graphic algebra or spherical geometry. The method here is absolutely sane and sound, the style is lucidity itself, fact is everywhere kept clear from inference, and there is no gush. There is not a silly sentence in the book. What reader of Dowden or Fleay can say that?

Apparitions and Thought-Transference: An Examination of the Evidence for Telepathy. By Frank Podmore, M.A. [Contemporary Science Series.] Charles Scribner's Sons.

This readable little volume is practically an abridgment of the work of that often named and oftener misunderstood body, the Society for Psychical Research, of which Mr. Podmore is one of the more active members. It gives in brief compass an account of the fruits (if fruits they be) of its industry; and one who wishes to know what "scientific occultism" is like can do no better than turn to its pages. The chapter-headings will give the best notion of what it contains. There is an introduction on methods and problems, and a finale on theories and conclusions; there are three chapters on

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the experimental transference from one mind to another of simple ideas, sensations, motor impulses, etc.; six chapters on transference as it occurs not experimentally but, according to the theory the author believes in, spontaneously, as, for instance, in coincidental dreams, and in apparitions at the time of death; one on experimentally induced apparitions at a distance; one on collective hallucinations; one on clairvoyance in trance or mediumship; and one on clairvoyance in the normal state, including crystal-vision.

The first result of reading the book has been to make the present reviewer cease to wonder at the tenacity with which, in spite of the resolute opposition of orthodox science, beliefs of the semi-supernatural order retain their hold upon the mind. They are nourished by the constant recurrence of experiences of the sort here retailed, of which probably in all ages of history it would have been possible, with no extraordinary diligence, to compile a contemporaneous collection similar to those of which Mr. Podmore tells. And the second effect on the reviewer's mind is the sense the book gives him of the phenomena having, as it were, an essentially baffling nature. They are abundant; but in nearly every instance the proofs, however good up to a certain point, fall short of being quite coercive. Moreover, the phenomena are all so fragmentary, sporadic, and contextless that they weave themselves into no system. It almost seems as if it were intended in the nature of things that these events should be always present in sufficient measure to tempt belief, but always in insufficient measure to justify it. It is evident that what is needed to make the mind close upon telepathy, veridical apparitions, and ghosts, and embrace them, is a philosophical theory of some kind which has a use for such facts. But our philosophies and sciences have absolutely no place for them and no context to supply them with. It is probable, therefore, that Mr. Podmore's book will leave most readers in the baffled condition which Mr. Andrew Lang's recent book, 'Cock Lane and Common Sense,' expresses so well—a condition of being unable to drop the subject, but quite as unable to be sure that there is anything firm in it to hold on to.

One of the oddest chapters in the book is that on "experimentally induced apparitions." Since 1886 there have come to Mr. Podmore's knowledge no less than seven cases in which one person by strong concentration of will has made his phantasm appear to a friend situated at a distance. There is another case dating from 1822, and another one in which the nature of the effect is less clear. The evidence in most of these cases is complete, and would be "good enough to hang a man" for any other sort of crime than so appearing, so that the doubting reader's only resource is to suppose accidental coincidence or conspiracy to deceive Mr. Podmore and his colleagues. The theosophists would probably call it a case of projection of the astral body. Meanwhile lovers all over the world are more or less unconsciously pressing in the direction of this experiment, yet we get no reports from them of its success. Perhaps they don't do it with sufficient malice prepense, from not yet being acquainted with its feasibility. The present critic knows of one case, not in Mr. Podmore's book, in which it would appear to have succeeded. Repetitions of such a result, if they could be recorded with more frequency, would perhaps do as much as anything purely empirical could do to gain credence for the philosophy which Mr. Podmore professes. We therefore cordially recommend the attempt to all who have a stomach for psychical research and a good "power of concentration."

The Woman's Book; dealing practically with the modern conditions of home life, self-support, education, opportunities, and everyday problems. 2 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1894.

THE observer of the constantly changing conditions of human life will take up these two volumes with a good deal of interest. They are admirable specimens of book-making, and the illustrations in particular are very beautiful. What picture do they give of the needs and difficulties of the woman of the present day, and are the means they offer for the solution of her doubts such as will really conduce to higher and finer standards of living?

The numerous subjects here discussed fall roughly under three heads: one may be summed up as the spending of the family income and the conduct of the family life in a way consistent with the demands of civilized and artistic modes of living; one deals with the more serious aspects of life—the choice of an education, and of a possible or an actual means of support; and one with the practical details of keeping the house, of dressing, of managing business affairs, of taking care of the children, and of the problems of domestic sanitation and hygiene. The last of these three parts is thoroughly well done, but the subjects handled are rather less exhaustively treated than in 'Goodholme's Domestic Cyclopædia'; and that will continue to be an indispensable book in every well-regulated family. The advice and instruction given regarding occupations for women is also excellent, and quite equal to what one may demand of a printed guide; and the opinions laid down by Dr. Lyman Abbott in regard to the education and the appropriate range of activity of women may be taken as a fair representation of average cultivated opinion in these days upon questions which were not long since hotly debated. He says:

"First, woman is entitled, in her own right, to the highest and best education which can be given her—education not shaped to fit her to be a conventional type of wife and mother determined beforehand for her by man, but shaped to make her the noblest and truest woman. The best way to make a true wife and mother is to make a true woman. And, second, the formal and conventional restrictions on womanly liberty are to be removed—as to a large extent they have been—and she is to be free to find for herself her sphere, and to determine by her own unhindered and even aided experiments what she needs for the perfect development of her own nature. The law of liberty is woman's best safeguard."

This is reasonable language; but as regards one point in the education of the girl Dr. Abbott is certainly in error. While no course of education should be generally adopted which would have a tendency to unfit her for her probable future as wife and mother, and while this probable destiny may well be "kept in mind by parent and instructor, exactly as in the education of the young man it is to be kept in mind that he will naturally become a husband and a father," it is certainly not desirable that "the girl should be taught to look forward to marriage as her natural and probable destiny." The plain fact that the great majority of women marry she may be trusted to gather from her own powers of observation, and the extreme probability that she will herself, if she so chooses, fall under the common rule, will be quite certain to occur to her. But to teach her consciously to look forward to this end and to make preparation for it a distinct object in life, is neither necessary nor commendable. It is not necessary, because she can readily and naturally be taught to relieve her mother of household cares without ulterior aim; and a course of training in scientific housekeeping can now, in most parts of the country, be added to the scientific equipment which the model girl will have already had, in the course of a few months, when occasion has arisen for it. It is not commendable, for very obvious reasons; we have passed beyond the time when Dr. Johnson thought portrait-painting an impossible occupation for women, because it would be "highly indelicate in a female" to gaze upon the face of a possible masculine sitter; but if the pendulum had swung too far in the direction of delicacy in those days, it is still not desirable that the young girl should take a too practical and businesslike view of the possible fate that awaits her. Dr. Abbott himself points out the inherent vulgarity, which custom may enable one to overlook, in the practice of "bringing out" a girl as a sign that she is ready for the matrimonial market.

The remaining subject of the book—the artistic side of living—is discussed by Mrs. Burton Harrison, Eva Wilder McGlasson, and Mary Gay Humphreys in articles which in style, in method, and in the reserve which true good taste inculcates fall far below the rest of the volume, and are in no way deserving of more permanent form than the dreadful Woman's Page, so called, of the Sunday newspaper. We hear of "the subtle mysticism which glooms and shines upon the pages of Rossetti"; we are told that "it would be foolish, in our generation, to say we do not remember the houses where such artless forms [as being asked by the host whether one prefers white meat or dark] prevailed"; we are advised to prefer "one priceless clasp of plainly set jewels" to "a predominating glitter of wealth." The audience which it is sought to interest would seem to consist for the most part of the vulgarly rich, but occasionally there is a word of recognition for the "woman in those numerous walks of life which do not lead with pleasing annual sameness to the doors of the great ones who sit sublime above the fashions." All this is set forth with a lavish profusion of exclamation-points, as "A trifle to be considered—the eccentricity of wearing lace veils over the face at the play!"

It is customary for the reviewer to assume that books on the forms of social usage cannot be written otherwise than with vulgarity, and that there is no useful purpose which they can serve; but this is not exactly the case. It is true that by far the pleasantest and most effective way of knowing what to do on all occasions is by means of an unconscious imitation of what is done by the most admirable of one's friends, and it is also true that the natural boor cannot be made into a gentleman by rules. But between the natural boor and the happy possessor of admirable friends there is a medium range of individuals whose ways of living can be made more pleasing by instruction. That instruction of this kind is hardly ever to be found which is free from the taint of vulgarity, and which is not therefore wholly injurious instead of beneficial, is perhaps susceptible of explanation. Those who really know have their knowledge largely in the tips of their fingers—it belongs, that is to say, to the unconscious part of their mental furnishing; it is (to compare great things with small) like the power to do of the artist which cannot be

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put into words, nor even brought within the conscious field of reflection, so far as that can be done at all, without losing the delicate quality which is the secret of its charm. The "real thing" is incommunicable, and to attempt to reduce it to speech is too often to destroy it. It is needless to remark, therefore, that anything which can be properly done in this way must be of a very plain and simple kind, and above all that it must be expressed in plain and simple language, wholly without rhetoric, good or bad. To treat such matters in a lively and playful style, even if it were a good style, is to show a quite hopeless lack of the finer feeling which must pervade instruction in the arts of living if it is not to do more to corrupt than to refine.

Three Periods of English Architecture. By Thomas Harris, F.R.I., B.A., etc. London: B. T. Batsford; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1894.

It would not be surprising to find an English architect of to-day arguing for a return to the Elizabethan manner, if it were for a permanent model, because the English have been for two or three generations searching their own history and other people's, in a very catholic spirit, for an architecture which they could adopt and stick to. But Mr. Harris, in 'Three Periods of English Architecture,' proposes Elizabethan only as a stepping stone to the development of a coming architecture out of English Gothic by infusion of classic elements; and this surprises us. We have believed that the world was right in agreeing that English Gothic at the period of the Tudors was senile and worn out. Mr. Harris thinks that it was still virile, and that the Victorian architects, instead of "harking back" to the thirteenth century, should have followed Pugin in beginning at the fifteenth, but should have gone on from there in the line which was indicated by the buildings of Elizabeth's reign. He would have them now hark back to that reign, and, shunning the ways of Inigo Jones and his followers, develop the style of the future, with the help of modern materials and the guidance of modern requirements, into a harmonious fusion of Gothic and Classic, prefigured by Elizabethan design, in which Gothic influence should be predominant. His Three Periods are the past (the Tudor past), the present, and the future, characterized as At work, Asleep, and Awaking: the first set forth in a slight historical sketch, the second and third in a conglomerate of citations imbedded in a thin matrix of his own thought.

Mr. Harris's conclusion is that a new architecture is to be hoped for; that it must be founded on the last phase of Gothic; that external polychromy will be one of its chief characteristics; and that it is by use of essentially modern materials that the path will be opened for it. If it is safe to prophesy at all, these forecasts are probably as safe as any, and there is much to encourage them. The danger is in prescribing the Gothic starting point, and in the somewhat inconsistent doctrine—which we had hoped was on its last legs, but of which Mr. Harris makes much—that style need not be cared for in the new development, but may be left to evolve itself out of constructive exigency, and will result, as is here quoted from Mr. Eidlitz, "in a species of art form which speaks forcibly of mechanical work done, and is hence possessed of beauty." Of this last dogma, which is pure assertion, quite unsupported by evidence or argument, but has taken a singular hold on the common mind by mere virtue of the iteration of a number of clever writers, we may say in simple illustration that the perforation of an armored ship speaks very forcibly of mechanical work done, but few are found who think it possessed of beauty.

That metal architecture, in which Mr. Harris puts his trust, has a future before it is probable—it may even be a determining factor of the coming style; but we may remember that it has already in a generation made two false starts—one in the hands of architects as a hollow imitation of stone in cast iron, the other in the hands of mechanics as sheet metal simulating anything but itself. Perhaps a third effort may be more successful if the new material contents itself with the simpler function of furnishing the skeleton, to be clothed with other material. That is the direction in which Mr. Harris looks, and the direction in which, with the help of engineers, iron architecture is developing, especially in the United States; but under this limitation the metal is much handicapped in its influence on outward form and style. It is among the possibilities that it is now the destiny of architecture to be regenerated by engineers and builders—a destiny that has been predicted for it more than once; if so, we will venture the single prophecy that the path of its regeneration will be long and rough and painful.

Lest we give a wrong impression of Mr. Harris's book, let us make haste to say that he writes with knowledge, temperance, and sense, and that he has made an interesting anthology of other writers' utterances. The exception we take is to his point of view, and chiefly in the two things we have noted—the proposition to make a fresh start from decadent Gothic, which we suspect no one will heed, and the idea that beauty of design will come undesigned, as a by-product of constructive manufacture.

Memorials of Old Whitby; or, Historical Gleanings from Ancient Whitby Records. By Rev. J. C. Atkinson. Macmillan. 1894.

Dr. Atkinson's book is the antipodes of the average history of an English town. He does not waste his energy in entertaining gossip concerning local celebrities, in verbose excursions concerning the antiquity of the town, or in the minute examination of sepulchral inscriptions; he does not pander to the taste of those who love the fabulous and the non historic, especially if the story is told as they have been accustomed to hear it; he does not, like so many of his predecessors, take his history ready-made and without reference to the sources; nor does he ignore the more important phases of municipal development. In short, he displays the historical training and broad scholarship which are lacking in most town histories of England. Hence it is quite natural that Charlton and Young, the older writers on Whitby, receive some hard raps from Dr. Atkinson.

Most local historians of England dispose of the period before the Norman Conquest in a few pages filled with vague surmises and old legends regarding Roman and Anglo-Saxon times. Dr. Atkinson devotes about one-third of his book to the Anglo-Saxon period, following the fortunes of Whitby in the light afforded by the chroniclers, by later survivals, and by the study of philology. The chapters on the story of Cædmon and the influence of the Danish element in the district around Whitby are particularly interesting. Our author believes that in the original settlement of that part of Yorkshire the infusion "was rather of English blood and English idiom among the Danes, than of Danish among English." He seems to go too far when he asserts, on page 51, that all the services and exactions due to the Abbot of Whitby from his tenants in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries had existed before the Norman Conquest.

Of the later chapters two of the most instructive deal with the conditions under which the abbey tenants held their lands in the outtownships, and with the meaning of burgage tenure. We doubt the validity of the statement on page 288 that the word "beverage" (which is used in an ancient charter of the town) by itself alone "almost furnishes an irresistible inference as to the preëxistence of at least a quasi-gild, a fraternity, a society of some sort." The requirement that the buyer of land should give one penny to the burgesses "for beverage," may imply some sort of municipal organization among the townsmen, but it does not necessarily imply that they were organized into a gild. In the same chapter the author contends that, as early as the twelfth century, there was in Whitby a corporate governing body with a certain measure of autonomy; but the authority of that body must have been quite limited in view of the fact, admitted by the author (p. 298), that the Abbot retained the jurisdiction, the nomination of town officers, and certain rights over the burgage tenements. This would leave little room for municipal autonomy.

The book is not a systematic history of Whitby, but rather a series of essays on the most important phases of its mediæval development. The arrangement of the matter would perhaps have been improved if kindred topics had been treated together or consecutively; as it is, the ecclesiastical and strictly municipal parts of the story are intermingled somewhat promiscuously. The work as a whole, including its numerous illustrations, deserves praise, not censure; if every English town had such an historian, we should soon be able to make satisfactory generalizations regarding the municipal development of mediæval England.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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Palmer, W. Hazell's Annual for 1895. London: Hazell, Watson & Viney.
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